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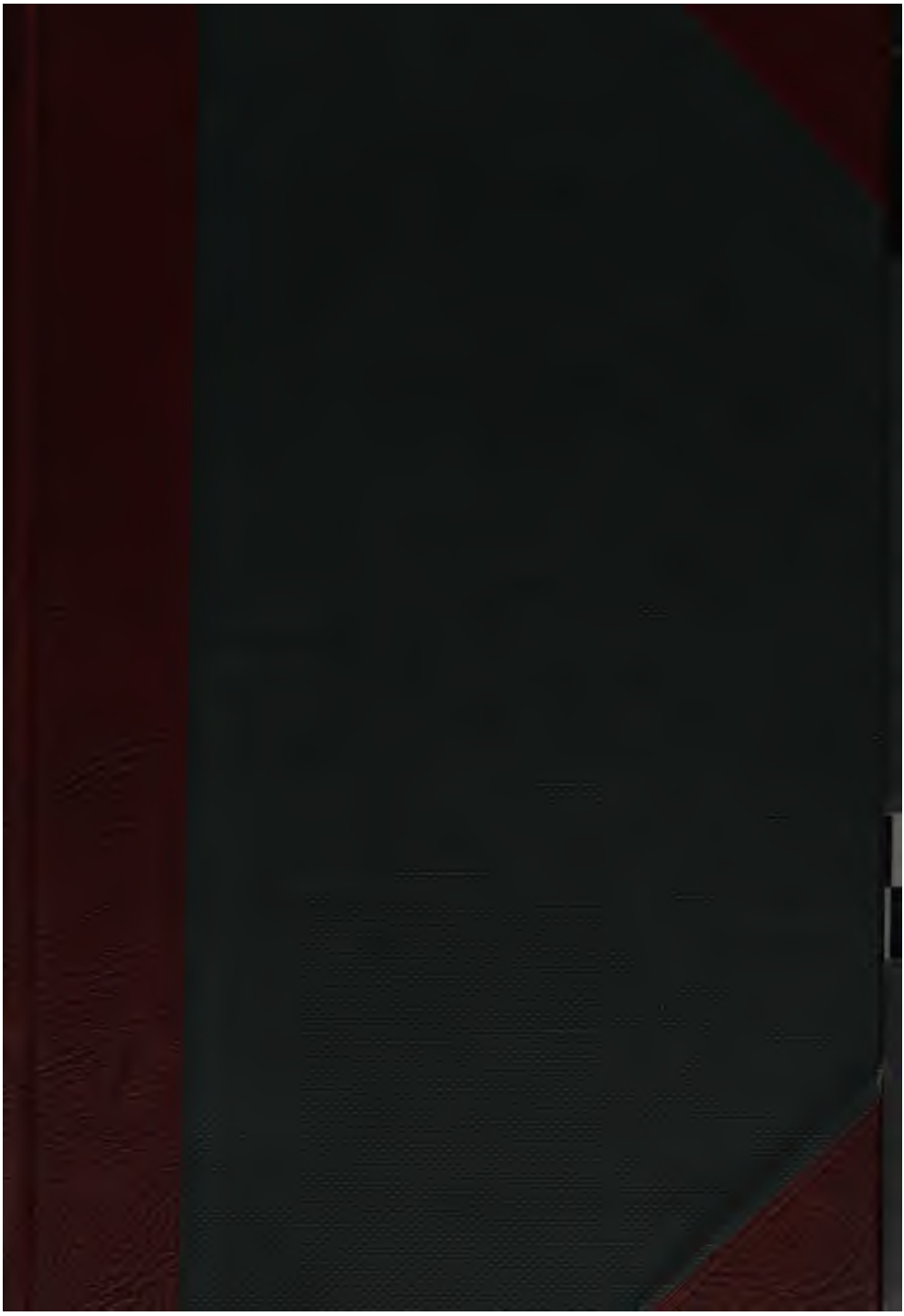

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MEMOIRS

OF

A MANAGER;

OR,

Life's Stage with New Scenery

BRIEFLY SKETCHED

BY HENRY LEE,

AUTHOR OF

"Caleb Quotem"—"Echoism" (a Poem) "Gay's Chair," &c.

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MEMOIRS

OF

A MANAGER.

CHAPTER VI.

HAVING it is presumed in the preceding volume removed every shadow of doubt, wherever any doubt existed, respecting the morality of the Drama, as well as enforced its policy and importance in a national view; a few words remain to be added on what some people may think the first consideration; namely, the expenses attending it.

In the opinion of many, every shilling spent on the Drama is an unnecessary expenditure, and consequently to use their own language, so much money thrown away! To those people who are advocates for only what is *necessary*, it may not be improper to observe, and to ask—Do they never wear useless articles of apparel? or eat and drink what are unnecessary? When they

can shew that a coat must necessarily be of fine texture and with double rows of buttons? that ruffles to shirts, lace to caps, feathers and artificial flowers are necessary, then it will be admitted that the Drama is otherwise and absolutely unnecessary! When they can prove that gluttony, or its opposite Epicureanism – that spiritous liquors, wine or even strong beer, or strong potions of any kind—then, and not till then, will it be allowed that the Drama is superflous, and in effect, a specious of slow moral poison! The direct contrary however is the truth;—the human constitution is impaired by the use of strong liquors, while the mind's health is renovated by wholesome institutions of the Drama. It may be said in reply that articles of dress though merely ornamental are in a certain degree useful to maintain rank and credit in the different orders of society. Well, and is not mental ornament equally necessary to distinguish man in society? Is the head the only part that is to be left unfurnished and undecorated and totally neglected? In the present state of civilized Europe the Drama is a necessary part of education: the gentleman and even the respectable tradesman would make but a poor figure, if entirely ignorant [illegible] Whoever is a total stranger to the Dra[illegible] and at the same time is obliged to have inter[illegible] let him beware of the conse[illegible] the situation of the man who [illegible] out knowing any thing of [illegible] as to the obtaining a k[illegible] and charts are to th[illegible] acquiring a perfe[illegible]

reading of plays in his closet or rather by witnessing the representation of them on the stage, a man may acquire as much practical every-day knowledge in an hour, as can be gained in a month without them: however well-intentioned and virtuous the mind of a man may be if (in the present state of society) he is entirely ignorant of the drama he can never apply his talents to advantage for himself, or society, but will continue to be duped by knaves, thwarted by fools, and impeded by prejudices, and his best intentions perverted into the furtherance of the specious schemes and interested speculations of selfish and designing men.

In support of things as they are, it has often been urged that articles of luxury are to be indulged in, and, in a commercial nation like this, encouraged for the sake and support of the manufacturers: well, and will not the argument apply with the same force on this subject. Are there not thousands of individuals and their families whose subsistence in a great measure depends on the labor carried on in the dramatic manufactories? Are all these to starve by being thrown suddenly, and as it were, at once out of employ? are they not fellow members of society, and such as all ages and in all countries, encouraged and encouraged? comedians, tragedians and comedians, painters, paper-makers, makers, tailors, oilmen, The carpenters too, personages, manufacand are none of these to be

considered in the eye of the philosopher and political economist? are they not as deserving of notice, and at least as useful members of the state as the silk weavers of Spital-fields, the button-makers of Birmingham, the toy-shop folks of Sheffield, the fillagree muslin-men milliners of Manchester? or even the grand importers and manufacturers of cosmetics, quack medicines, inflammatory liquors, gin and whiskey, snuff and tobacco, tooth-picks, tweezer-cases, essence bottles and tobacco pipes?

If the labourers in the dramatic field, are of equal importance with the manufacturers of the articles above enumerated, they are certainly deserving of equal encouragement? for it is written every labourer is worthy of his hire. Let it not be for a moment supposed that the trades here alluded to, the weavers, &c. are spoken of as not deserving of encouragement! no such thing; the argument here is that in a nation like this all trades are necessary; or rather, if left unmolested employ, like water soon finds its own level. The purposes of agriculture should have their full supply of hands after that things may be left to take their own course, and in process of time all parties will be satisfied.

There are many very worthy individuals, who though liberal and friendly to the drama, still are of opinion that it ought not to be countenanced in times of dearth and scarcity or general depression. This argument like the former one will make as much for, as against the question, and as the lawyers say will cut on both sides. In good times people are naturally contented, and happy, in bad times the reverse; therefore amuse-

ment is the more necessary in order to keep them in good humour; to dissipate their gloom, animate their hopes, and set them willingly to work in all the various useful avocations of life. Besides it must not be thought that which is expended on the drama is lost to society, as if buried in the earth, or thrown into the sea. No, as in the universal economy of nature, nothing is lost. As vegetable substances consumed by flame, rise in vapour to the skies, and descend again in dews and refreshing showers to the earth so the superfluous wealth raised from one part of the community, descends by various direct and indirect channels to enliven and invigorate the other part; or, to speak in plainer terms, the drama does not destroy, but only causes a circulation of money; its funds are chiefly drawn from the pockets of the affluent and distributed amongst ingenious artists, industrious mechanics, and respectable, reputable tradesmen, and various other branches of society.

By some anti-dramatists it is pretended that people of low circumstances are by theatrical amusements oft enduced to spend money that they cannot afford. Now granting this true, what does it amount to? this—that there are and always will be, very imprudent people; and if any man is foolish enough to spend a shilling that he cannot afford, where had he best spend it—in a play-house or an ale-house. This story bears the marks of being invented by some fanatical, or interested methodist preacher who hates plays and all concerned with them, because they tend to open the eyes of the people.

The small sums that a poor man can spare from his

daily earnings are, perhaps more rationally spent in a play-house than in a methodist meeting-house. In the former he is amused and instructed, in the latter he is mystified, made a gloomy discontented being, a burden to himself and of no use to society.

A case may be supposed in which it would be inexpedient to waste time in dramatic amusements. In any small colony or issolated part of the globe, where all the labour is required for the purposes of agriculture and other necessary occupations to support life. But it is otherwise in this part of the universe, where there is a redundancy of hands, where men in general are sophisticated; and in-door entertainments become as necessary as the feather beds on which they sleep!

Even in a colony the other side of the proposition, will only hold good for a time, for as soon as plenty produces leisure, amusement becomes necessary:—better to be employed this way than be idle, for we know "idleness is the root of all evil."

Perhaps on no one subject of general knowledge, do the bulk of mankind entertain such erroneous notions as on that of theatricals:—I mean in an enlarged point of view. Like politics, the Theatricals are discussed almost in every house, and like them very little understood. Many consider the subject beneath their notice, others look at it with an inverted eye, or at such a distance, they never discover its real bearing, and dependencies; yet all, at times, intrude their opinions as peremptorily as if they had given the matter the most mature consideration.

As a mere matter of amusement, all persons can tell

whether they are pleased or not—so far they are correct,—but with regard to the stage as an art, or science, there are few without the walls of a theatre that are qualified to form a just opinion of it; and much less of its important consequences and its moral effect on all the appurtenancies attached to it. Many of the best writers and most accomplished critics, are still unacquainted with the arcana of theatres, all the secret springs and pivots by which the whole machine is balanced and regularly kept in motion. But in the present case I mean something more than this; I speak of theatricals as a subject of policy and political economy and how far, in a philosophical view, they contribute, or might be made to contribute to the well being of society.

In order to shew prejudices in their proper light, we will see how they operate in different ranks of life. For instance, the shop-keeper, after snipping off a yard of ribbon or lace, wrapping up an ounce of tobacco, or a farthing's worth of snuff, stands kicking his heels at his shop door, or gossipping away his time with his neighbours or inquisitive customers. This man thinks himself a useful member of society: This personage, if he has a good shop,—well glazed windows,—the shelves and drawers smartly painted, &c. If this personage has a good business, of course he is a useful member of society! and a most respectable tradesman!! But if he has a little shop, or is thought poor, then he is of the like value as his snuff and tobacco, almost useless! Very well,—now see another important personage; the burly-faced, pot-bellied landlord of some paltry Inn, or hedge alehouse! who has as little con-

science as custom! no more ideas than he has beer barrels, but with as much paltry prate as he has dirty broken tobacco pipes! This man's whole time is perhaps spent in doctoring his beer,—cheating the exciseman,—scolding his servants,—scandalizing his neighbours,—retailing half a dozen old jokes,—smoking one of his black, broken pipes, and half poisoning his half stupid, ever-thirsty customers: and this man too styles himself a useful member of society!! He, like the other, looks down with contempt on the poor poet, player, or artist, as if they belonged to an inferior race of beings! Now, cast a look into the higher ranks of life: prejudices of another sort prevail even among those of good intention. Perhaps the words play and player mislead the opinion, as being opposed to work and worker.

The world at large does not seem aware that (generally speaking) work-houses are often play-houses, and most play-houses absolutely work-houses. I mean that there is more work done in the latter than the former. To be a good player requires a good deal of study and hard labour:—like other professions a man cannot make any tolerable stand in this, without good conduct and great industry. But to proceed:—In high life, my lady, perhaps, either offers a boon to the poor "player-man," or indignantly says he should leave off playing and work for his bread. If she speaks with reference to disreputable or bungling pretenders, she may have justice on her side: but here humanity ought to suggest some excuse for those whom misfortune has linked to the profession: and ought to extend clemency even towards bungling pretenders, till such time as the opinions of

the world admit men of liberal education to embrace the stage as a regular, and enlightened profession: till then, no wonder that many are a disgrace to it.

But as to players being useless members of society: It ill becomes ladies of rank to make such observations, till they first dismiss from their own establishments all persons not necessary. Have they no luxurious habits? no useless attendants? are no lacqueys kept to administer to idle caprices? To run on fal lal messages, or carry complimentary cards, parrots or lapdogs? Some people may stretch their liberality so far as to notice first-rate London Professors, and yet refuse even a look of complacency to those of the Country Theatres. For there are scarcely any in the great Theatres, but what have been and may again be in the smaller ones: the latter are only schools for the former.

Persons of condition who make such improper, or degrading remarks, should be told that town and country, as far as regards the profession, are much the same; —that there is scarcely a London Hero but has been a Country Stroller! and many a stroller in a country barn, was last season (and probably may be next) a star of first-rate magnitude in the Metropolitan Theatres.

Some people, in order to defend their prejudices against the drama, pretend that it is an inducement held forth to tempt many persons to spend money that they cannot afford to part with. Before they urge this, they should use their endeavours to prevent people with good voices singing ballads in the streets for fear poor people should lay out a penny they cannot spare. They should not suffer publicans to paint under their showy sign

boards "Good beer, wine and spiritous liquors, to be sold here"—nay, they should absolutely shut up shop windows for fear a servant maid or thoughtless girl should be tempted to lay out her cash in buying a bit of lace or half a yard of ribbon. To sum up the whole in a word, the only rational argument that can be maintained against the drama is—Taste. If any one can say that the Drama affords him no amusement, that is sufficient reason for his purpose, for no man ought to be called to account for his likings or dislikings, and if the Drama displeases him he is justified in abstaining from it.

We know what Shakspeare has said of the man who likes not music, "and is not pleased with concord of sweet sounds," but it would be hard, and, perhaps, unjust to apply it here, to the man who likes not the Drama: besides time and circumstances make great changes in both cases, and the same individual may like music and the Drama at one period of his life, and be less than indifferent to them at another.

Prejudiced persons are always ready to find fault—but seldom think on the contrary side of the question. Very few English people are aware of what is here just mentioned; and still fewer persons know that even at the present time, in the most religious countries (Spain and Portugal) sacred Dramas, or rather Melo-Dramas, are still represented. A respectable English Officer, who served in the Peninsula during the late war, told me that he saw performed, a play on the subject of "Daniel in the Lion's Den." Two men were dressed in the skins of Lions; Daniel fought with, and conquered them, which, throughout, produced thunders of applause.

But still this does not effect the useful and highly important services of the Drama amongst the generality of mankind. The wisest and best of men, in all ages, have cultivated the Drama. In the time of Erasmus, Dramatic representations were common among the learned in our universities, and even in churches.

A celebrated Divine has observed,

> "Plays are like mirrors, where all men may see
> "How bad some are, how good they ought to be."

Shakspeare tells us that the stage shows "Virtue her own image, and Vice its own deformity."

And finally, it is by a modern author forcibly expressed, and almost universally admitted, that the best and wisest of legislators have frequently called to their aid the attractions of the Drama to make such impressions as the nature of the times required.

> "To sect, or clime, by no false rules confined,
> "The Drama pleads the cause of all mankind!"

Though there may be different opinions respecting Buonaparte, it will readily be admitted, that he was not only a clever man, but a very politic one. While he bore rule in France, there was in many (if not all) of the garrisoned towns a certain sum allowed every night, to treat the soldiers in their regular turns, to see the Performances at the Theatres: and when the French armies sailed to Egypt, they took with them a Company of Comedians to play such pieces as were calculated to please the inhabitants of the country, and to diffuse amongst them such ideas as were favorable to the French interests; among the natives the Turks

and others who knew little or nothing of even the French language. During the war, our English rulers were not entirely neglectful of considerations of this kind. Humble as my situation has been on the stage, I have several times received (free of any expence) packets and parcels, containing popular songs, &c. with polite requests from persons of consequence, that such songs might be sung at my different Theatres. I remember having a number of Mr. Dibdin's songs sent to me many years ago: by the bye—I think the character of an English sailor has been (if not formed) at least greatly fashioned by the influence of Dibdin's songs. The sailor has been taught to think and to be (what he often is) "All as one as a piece of his ship!"—"A Lion in battle, and afterwards a lamb!" and "when on board"—he "braves all! dreads nought!" for he knows that "There is a little cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack!" I think the English Navy, as well as the English nation, have thus been greatly served by Mr. Dibdin.

Nay further,—by his "Soldier Dick," and a few other songs, the army too was complimented; but not in an equal degree: It remained for Mr. O'Keefe to do justice to the army. In the Highland Reel, a character called Serjeant Jack, had promised a girl, what he thought a trifle, a lottery ticket! but news reaches him that the said ticket is drawn a prize. He hesitates for a moment, and then speaks thus—"Poor Girl!—she seems uneasy, because she and her sweetheart are to be parted, on account of their not being able to raise a small sum of money! Poor thing! now

this ticket—this prize, would make 'em both happy! I've a great mind to—I never before had it in my power to do a generous action, and I should like to know how a man feels after having done one. A sailor would do it, why not a soldier? It shall be so! Look you my good girl, before I knew this paper was worth twenty pounds, I promised it you for a kiss. Here, take the money, 'tis yours; and though my mouth waters for a kiss, pay it to the lad you love!

Before I quit this subject, I cannot do otherwise than make a few remarks on the moral impressions that are made on all minds, and especially on the minds of the middle and lower ranks of the people: we will again instance the sailors. 'Tis well known that they have generally a certain degree of impatience about them, when listening to advice, or put under any degree of restraint. They hate what they call "palaver" of any kind: and one of their characteristic songs expresses their opinion of the discourse of a chaplain thus—"My timbers; what lingo he'd broach and belay!" "Why, 'twas just all as one as high Dutch!" Thus going to church is too often "High Dutch" to such characters! But when they are at their ease, with perhaps, a pipe in their mouths, and a can of grog before them; at such times to hear, tolerably sung, a good moral song, such a one as the "High mettled Racer;" it has a tendency of the best sort. As it has been said of the writings of Sterne: such songs and sentiments come unlooked for, they "Play round the fancy, and come at once upon the heart," before the hearer is prepared, and therefore have the better effect

I have, under similar circumstances, seen the "High mettled Racer" draw tears of commisseration down the rough cheeks of sailors and mechanics, who, till then, seemed to have no feeling and humane stuff about them!

I have very often seen similar effects by similar scenes in a Theatre: I am therefore fully convinced of the great utility of all kinds of rational amusements.

In the year 1816, I published a Poem, in which were lines to the following purport.

> Search thro' all ages,—thro' all times long past,
> Each age improves,—gets wiser than the last.

To these lines I then attached the following observations; and I always feel some degree of pleasure when I find previous opinions verified by time and circumstances.

In former ages, though knowledge at certain periods progressively advanced; yet at other times it too frequently retrograded: and but for the happy and glorious invention of the Press, mankind would not have arrived at their present enlightened way of thinking. Perhaps—(though I am scarcely willing to believe it) —Perhaps there are in the world, narrow, gloomy, selfish persons, who think it a pity that mankind ever were enlightened; and so it might be a pity, did not cultivated minds lead us to hope that time will produce better results; and let those who are against improvements,—let them be assured that but for such inventions as the Press, and other consequent methods of improvement, they who are most averse to them,

might possibly never have been raised to the rank which they at present sustain. Let them pause and reflect awhile on this: How are they certain that they would have been amongst the happy, but limited number, blest with access to literary collections, the most ready means of acquiring knowledge. While all the means of acquirement (more especially books) were accessible only to the learned; and confined for the most part within the libraries of the recluse, or the cloisters of the clergy; or into the still worse keeping of bigotted pedants! then, too, the best interests of society, the progressive advancements of true knowledge, were kept on a very precarious footing, and liable to be perverted, or overthrown by the cunning artifice, vicious propensities, fiery zeal, furious passion, or irritated revenge, of some mad monarch, or ambitious tyrant: who, perhaps, is ever dreading the loss of his power; from his self-conviction of having done sufficient enormities to make the bulk of mankind hate his person, detest his rule, and at all times most studiously anxious to avail themselves of any opportunity of recovering the freedom and other blessings he had robbed them of.

While such was the condition of society, most lamentable were the consequences! Instances are on record where whole libraries (the accumulated knowledge of ages) were burnt or destroyed by the command of jealous or infuriated despots! and, perhaps, the common people were told (as on many other occasions) that it was for their good that such destruction was made! That books, and all such modes of giving information, were not blessings, but absolute curses, circulated for

the purpose of drawing men from their duties, and calculated to make them unhappy, poor, brutal, slavish, and miserable. Such things have been said, such things have been done, or, it is probable that the world would have arrived centuries ago at its present pitch of knowledge, liberal feeling, and philosophical research. But now it is to be hoped—thanks to Providence that by the means of the Press, knowledge has spread so far, and so extensively wide, that it is not in the power of any isolated despot (however vicious his inclinations) it is not in his power to effect the mischief that was formerly done; every successive year circumscribes the abuses of arbitrary rule, and in a certain degree attenuates the worst evils that can possibly arise from capricious or despotic governors. It is the circulation of general knowledge that can alone secure the wholesome enactment of good laws, and the pure and regular administration of them.

Free and liberal Institutions would not suit a debased and ignorant people: and, on the other hand, in the present state of enlightened Europe, a ruler of any kind, or by whatever name he might choose to designate himself, would be obliged to "assume a virtue," even if he had it not; and to regulate his conduct according to the best opinions of those who had most knowledge, and held the most predominant situations in society.

Great events of any kind, great battles on land, great victories at sea, important debates and revolutions of cities, districts, countries and empires. These, as well as the natural convulsions of the earth, and changes that take place in different parts of the globe;

these have all in their turn, great influence in effecting the state of society: but all these however great, are only secondary agents: the principal agency is the mind of man! or, as it has been expressed by another, tis the "March of intellect" that determines the state in which men exist, as rational beings. In former times, when knowledge (as before observed) was confined to certain places, great and disastrous events arrested the regular advances of mind; nay threw it back sometimes, for centuries. This was lamentable! the human mind may be said to have retrograded. God only knows how often this may have happened; but there are occasionally discoveries made, enough to convince the most doubtful, that since the Mosaic account of the creation, great and evident changes have, at different times taken place, and that the intellect of mankind has often advanced, and as often retreated. Such retreat it is confidently to be hoped can never happen again; nothing less than a general deluge, or some kind of providental change of the face of the earth, can so retard the progress of information, for such long periods as it was retarded in former times. For now by the aid of the press all parts of the world are more on a level than they used to be, and the ocean of information spreads its influence round the whole globe. These tides have occasionally ebbed and flowed in Europe: they are at present at low-water mark, in Spain, Portugal, and several other countries; but on the other side of the Atlantic, they rise and are still rising much higher than ever they were known to do forty or fifty years ago.

At one time great alarm took place in consequence of what occurred in France;—then a fear of despotism followed;—and next, after the great Battle of Waterloo, an apprehension of another kind prevailed: Some good, wise, and moderate men, entertained fears that were truly alarming: they dreaded a total re-action of principles and practices. Perhaps it might have been so, had it depended solely on the aristocratical opinions and practices of the Northern nations. But, thank heaven, true English feeling stopped the effusion of more blood;—and it is confidently asserted that the furious victors—I allude only to the lower orders of some,—who with wild ideas and inflamed passions, had been inured to scenes of slaughter and desolation. I will not suppose for a moment that any of the commanders ever entertained thoughts of a revengeful nature; or ever meant to sanction the dreadful consequences that might have ensued, had not true valour, with that promptitude which, I trust, will always, and on all occasions, characterize Englishmen—Had not this honorable feeling been put into immediate exercise, the results might have been so very awful and distressing, as would have dimmed the glory—so valiantly, so magnanimously acquired. I allude here to some advanced parties of the infuriated soldiery, endeavouring to assail, burn and destroy, every object of importance that lay in the line of their march. But Wellington, it is said,—and I believe most truly reported: Wellington himself stepped nobly forward to allay the progress of fury, and to prevent the unnecessary shedding of blood. Yes, this truly noble General, to the

honor of himself and the glory of his country, rushed boldly forward to the Bridge of Jennape, and there, like the protecting Angel mentioned in Scripture, he stood "with a flaming sword" to guard the pass and passage of mortal rage, and furious enmity. This, of itself, did him as much credit as his actions at Waterloo; and to crown the whole, he has since been the prime agent of a liberal Monarch's beneficence; who has glorified his reign by giving perfect liberty of conscience to his brave, loyal, but long oppressed Irish subjects. That nation proved themselves good soldiers; they will now convince the world that they are as equally good citizens.

At the different periods of the French Revolution, I was (like all the real friends of liberty) occasionally elevated, and as often depressed: I admired the General and Consul, Buonaparte, but feared the Emperor Napoleon. Now all is past, I am still inclined to hope and believe, that had he lived and prospered, he would have acted as Wellington is now acting. Though then mortal enemies, had he lived till now, they might have shook hands and have cordially joined head and heart for the welfare of mankind.

> The truly brave, when once the Battle's o'er,
> Seeking what's right, are enemies no more.

We will now look homewards, and discourse a little on domestic matters. However we ramble in quest of adventure,—pause on subjects of amusement,—or look forward to objects of importance of any other kind; still the head, the heart, and all the other faculties of

man, must at times turn to the circles of a domestic nature, where the joys and wishes of society are chiefly centered.

Beauty is a Banquet!
Matrimony is the Meal!
Love is the Sauce,
And Pleasantry the Garnish!

We will only at present talk of two of them,

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

Various opinions have been given by writers of every description. The grave—the gay—the witty and the profound, respecting the passion of love, and the institution of marriage. In early times the laws of some states were not so certainly, so lastingly binding, as at present. We read in the Bible that when a man married a woman, and after a little time "she found no favor in his eyes," (that is, I suppose, after he grew tired of her) "Let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it her, and send her out of his house." It should be observed that then there was no occasion to trouble lawyers about passing a divorce bill: you could write it yourself. By the bye, as matters now stand, you pay the parsons for marrying, and pay Parliament (or their clerks) for unmarrying. But the Jew method was much less expensive: they had only to write a few words, and send the wife back again. This is like being at a tavern, and after a good meal, you draw a cork, but don't like the wine: you then attach to it a slip of paper by way

of label, on which you write—"Bad bottle!—bring another!" But it is possible a bottle may be shook! so may a wife!—that's wrong: Shaking—spoils women as well as wine! But it is hard in both cases, and with all parties, to swallow what you don't like! But let us look at the most pleasing side of the picture; for every picture has two sides, and should be held in the light, where you may see it to the most advantage. It has been said,—I think by the witty Duke of Buckingham, or his friend (equally clever) for on this point they were both of one opinion.

"Love is the sweet that in our cup is thrown
"To make the nauseous draught of life go down!"

This is very true; and still further—

Sages maintain, with weighty reasons given,
That marriages are surely made in heaven!

So I believe; for otherwise I cannot account for many things that happen on earth.

I mean (of course) 'mong men "Of mortal calling"
Whom Pride itself, sometimes can't save from falling."

It was a good thought of Farquar's thus to rank pride among the virtues, in order to save himself and all other poor sinking souls from sinning! I am again wandering too far from my history: I must marry myself again in order to be more constant to my theme.

After a widow-hood of about seventeen years, pride on neither side being sufficiently alert, I again fell into the noose of matrimony; I use the word noose

because it is said "Marriage and hanging go by destiny! This proverb comes as pat to my purpose as the former one.

Being at this time resident in Barnstaple, and acquainted with a priest, the Rev. Mr. Dyer, brother to General Dyer, who lived several years in Taunton, I was reminded by this Reverend Gentleman how easily and how snugly the marriage job could be done by his assistance. The word snugly caught my attention, and I replied "we'll talk the subject over to-morrow." I had always even before my first marriage an objection against being stared at, while going to church. I did not much mind the coming back again: besides the coming back may be quietly done if proper steps are taken; for as the hope of money sets bells a-going, so money given, will keep them silent: at least, till you get home, and then no matter whether the bells clatter or not: a clattering of some sort every married man must expect. My first marriage was done in the same snug way at Blandford in Dorset. We had then two maiden ladies for our guides who are always perfect in marriage ceremonies, though not married themselves. I had then a Mr. Dyke in my company, and he having heard my objections about being stared at, he absolutely crept behind a window curtain, and watched me all the way to the church, expecting that if I was met by any of my acquaintance, I should run back again! I never could help thinking that a man looks very simple when he is going to be married! and well he may! only observe: This great "Lord and Master" as he fancies himself, goes to make a solemn vow to be answerable

not only for his own faults, but for those of his intended rib too! Mercy on us! If he should fancy there are no faults on either side to be answerable for, he is the more to be pitied; a few weeks may destroy the illusion on both sides: and the worst of it is, that your wisest men are often the greatest fools on these occasions. So that all we can do is to shut our eyes, and jump in the dark! A man of good sense and true courage, will as an experienced Fox hunter, show his horse the leap he is about to encounter; and will look over the hedge himself before he suffers his horse to attempt it. But the fool and coward, not having courage to look forward, shuts both his eyes, blunders over, and falls into a stone quarry, or down a precipice! It is proverbial that marriage is generally a leap in the dark! and in certain cases, dark or light, is much the same thing. We none of us see far on these occasions: as the maggot bites, it is a mere matter of whim or fancy. Every man has his humour, or as Sterne says, every one has his hobby-horse! or as Dr. Franklin expresses it, every man has his whistle, and lucky he whose whistle is his wife! But the latter cannot so easily be whistled off! happy he who never would so whistle! This whistle calls me back to Barnstaple, where I was (for the second time) on the way to be married. My Reverend Friend, Mr. Dyer, was ready at the appointed time; and so for once was I, which was rather strange; for the church being at least two miles I went on horse-back: the horse knew the road, so that I threw the bridle reins on his neck, and let him pick out the path that best pleased him. The church was my guide,

and the good horse carried me without any guide at all, to the side of the churchyard, where he began munching some good grass that he found there. I shook hands with the parson, while the clerk told me that all were ready. Mr. Lloyd, one of my performers, was there ready to perform the part of the father, and to give me in wedlock, the hand of his daughter. He did so, and Mr. Dyer, though he stammered very much in common conversation, he seldom stammered while preaching in the pulpit; and not even once while reading the marriage ceremony. No batchelor, or master of arts, no well-bred, well-read nor dignified Dean, nor even their graces, the two Archbishops, could have gone through the ceremony with greater grace than he did. Mr. Dyer, the Reverend Gentleman who on this occasion officiated, could not accompany us home, having some parish business pending: but as we knew he generally came into Barnstaple on the market day, we asked him to dine on the following Friday. He accepted the invitation: my friend Syle was invited to join us: they both came, so we had the good company of both: a few bottles of good wine we placed on the table, and the good parson drank to our good health, with his best blessing into the bargain. We felt obliged, and to this moment we are sincerely grateful for the favors he conferred upon us. He made me the husband of a good wife, and a clever woman: and she has made me the father of a fine family. I have reason to be satisfied with all; from my eldest son, by my first wife, to my youngest by my present

one: and as to my daughters, it would not become me to speak what I think of them. The public voice has already allotted to each of them a degree of talent, which is duly appreciated and liberally encouraged. Their private worth is acknowledged by all who know them, and is most truly gratifying to the best feelings of both their parents.

CHAPTER VII.

I must now speak more particularly of my old friend and partner, Mr. James Shatford. He was a native of Gloucester, or of some place in that neighbourhood; I rather think of a place called Painswick. He was the son of a Doctor Shatford, a gentleman of great professional talent and good sense: much esteemed, not only for his abilities as a Physician, but for his rich humour, pleasant wit, strict integrity, and high companionable qualifications. These, all these, and more than these his son James inherited, and frequently displayed in such a manner, as will not easily be forgotten by his friends, or any of those persons, who, by accident, ever fell into his company.

I have often heard him speak of his family, and of the intelligent circle of friends and acquaintance, with which his father was honored, beloved and admired. Since the death of the son, (the Mr. Shatford that I knew) I have heard a story that may afford amusement; and as his father was a party concerned, I shall endeavour to relate it in as simple a manner as possible.

I remember hearing my friend Shatford often speak of the circumstances, persons and parties, which are now to be introduced; but the particulars had nearly escaped my memory till reminded of them, as well as of many other matters, by a friend who some few years ago resided at Barnstaple.

The friend I mean is Mr. Tanner, a very intelligent gentleman, and a most respectable Solicitor, who, I believe, at present resides at Exeter: Mr. Tanner, when a boy, lived in Gloucestershire, and very often heard the following circumstances related as facts; generally credited by all the best families who knew the parties concerned. The story is this. There was a gentleman, at the time alluded to, living near Gloucester, of the name of Hyett: he was of a pleasant turn of mind, and had a number of jovial friends: Doctor Shatford was one of them; and at Squire Hyett's house, the Doctor and his friends were always welcome, and their company at all times anxiously solicited. This gentleman had on his estate a pleasant retreat, or summer house, called Pan's Lodge: It stood nearly covered by trees, in the most retired part of a wood: at the distance of a hundred yards it could scarcely be seen. Notwithstanding the gloom that surrounded the place, within it was found every comfort that could possibly be desired by the parties who frequented it. Squire Hyett was truly spirited, gay, and liberal; Doctor Shatford, and the whole of his friends were much of the same way of thinking, and had similar tastes, inclinations, and propensities. Twice a week—generally on a Wednesday

and on a Saturday evening, they would meet at Pan's Lodge to take a refreshing glass, smoke their pipes, and play an occasional rub or two at whist, or some other friendly, social game at cards. The rules of their club, (for club they called it) at first starting; the resolutions they had imposed upon themselves, were, like most such rules and resolutions, very often neglected,—very often broken,—whenever the said rules too much thwarted the humours of the parties concerned, or were contrary to their prevailing whims, wishes and inclinations. Whims and wishes often repeated and of much too frequent indulgence: yet their too oft and long continued aberrations of this sort, did not fail, at times, to occasion a kind of conscientious remorse, when they had stopped beyond their proper time; beyond the hour appointed by their club. These aberrations, and consequent fits of conscientious remorse, were apt to press hardest on them as they journied homeward through dark and dirty pathways; and when arrived at home, to find there—nothing right—no;—nothing as it should be: all persons but themselves in bed, and fast asleep: no cheer, no comfort left; not even a boy to take their shoes, to bring the boot-jack, or to reach their slippers: nothing to raise their low, exhausted spirits; no fire to warm them, previously to going up stairs to rest; no candle left to light them. Cool reflection and midnight meditation, often bring most chilling thoughts, and colder break of day confirms them: all pointing out, all blazoning forth the error of the practice. Even break of day, breaks not the mirror of reflective conscience;

which rises with, and like the sun, showing at large the folly of late hours. Broad noon, and noon-day beams pourtray it strongly; while head-aches, (heart-aches too) high or low pulse, or pallid cheek and feverish brain, and a long train of minor ills, serve but to give it credence, and confirm its force. Nay, further still, —but hold,—reflection leads too far,—we wander from the story held in view,—the story of Squire Hyett and his guests; the party of convivials at Pan's Lodge.

Though *bon vicants*, and cheerful friends, they oft reflective saw, and inly felt, (as has been stated) the folly and the fault of sitting late. Hence in their club, a law additional was straight proposed, and each Lycurgus there, and every Solon sage, as wisdom's worth decreed it. The law was this—Whoe'er proposed a deal, or played a card (save to conclude a game) beyond the hour eleven; he, the offender, should be fined a bottle,—a prime, choice bottle of the very wine, the very best of what they at the time might happen to be drinking. This law no sooner was proposed than made, and broken as soon as made: at least, before the party parted. You'll ask, Who broke this law? The Squire himself: the very man who made it. The jovial, gay Squire Hyett. His cellar—'twas that the first forfeit paid: ay, this, paid this, and many more. These doings soon spread round, were rumoured far and wide. While Ignorance shook the head! Simplicity stood mute! listened awhile and stared! Spleen magnified the theme! and Scandal gave it wings!

Old gossips—male and female; for there are gossip men, as well as gossip women; scandal is of no sex;

or rather, it partakes the worst of both. The gossip heads of females are oft made fine with pins and needles, sharp as bright! (needles, eyeless, pointless! and pins too, with dull points, and headless!) But males with gossip heads, have nothing sharp, have nothing bright about them. Inconstant, wavering as the wind, they are never fixed in judgment or opinion: veering from right to left, as fancy points, or folly's finger guides them: like a false index to a book of errors; or rather say like damaged, rusty weather-cocks, biassed by age or accident, they grate offensively, and point to every quarter but the right one. Hence gossip-tongues, from causes false as those here spoken of, had raised a tale that female forms gliding like ghosts through alleys green and avenues profound, were sometimes seen to haunt (clad all in white) the secret purlieus of Old Pan's dark Lodge! Nay, even the very name of this old sylvan deity—the Pagan Pan; was then enough to raise suspicions vile, to foster prejudices against the nightly orgies, that were, by nearly all, supposed continually in practice there. But wrong such thoughts, and scandalous all such suspicions were. No females thither came, except occasionally, the servant maids, to brush or scour the rooms, to clean the cupboards, furniture and glasses; or, in a word, to make all comfortable. But mark the sequel: scandal had watched, surmised, and busily blown round a tale of fearful import, terror, awe, and dread: a tale that raised alarm, made pallid every cheek, both old and young.

The tale was this. One night—one Saturday night,

the clock—the Painswick clock, had struck twelve; the last—the well contended game of whist was ending, but not over,—not entirely over. Hence recollection struck them that Painswick clocks were seldom right: they were too oft neglected; sometimes stood still, or were wound up, or went just as the parson, or the parish pleased, to call reluctant sinners forth to prayers, or lazy labourers to their daily duties. Owing to these proverbial negligences, the Painswick clocks had out of credit grown; while Gloucester bells more truly chimed their regular stated peals. Lawn sleeves, or smug and white-wigged Dean, or voiceless, careless, lazy, lolling, choral Vicar, watched, with wandering eye, the ways of all who waved too wide from their official tasks. (their fancied formal duties.) Even vergers, as they bore the silver mace, kept watchful eye on strangers; if not to seat them rightly, in a pew or stall, at least to keep them pent within the choir, in mute attention fixed; remote and far as possible from gaze on sainted images, and gilded tombs. The service o'er each isle is quickly cleared; the verger hastes to shut the common congregators out, to bar each door: and now he is at leisure to pay inquiring strangers due respect; to show them sacred reliques, stones or bones, and in low whisperings ask them for his fees. These duties are but seldom strictly done, save in cathedral piles and Abbey Fanes! Think of the high responsibility of those who rule; who have sole care and government of sacred objects, and other weighty matters here concerned! Awful the charge of all who touch, or even look at holy sacred things! Important is the trust re-

posed in those who here perform even offices apparently but trivial, indeed most menial! Of those who even sweep and clean the hallowed fabric! How vast the confidence that's lodged in all—all who've the care of bells, of chimes and clocks! Of clocks that rule whole districts! that note the mark and mixture of recorded time, and time's events! of spiritual and temporal affairs! No sheeted ghost dare walk till twelve is struck! nay, struck and passed! Hence, if Cathedral, Church, or Abbey clocks, e'er lag beyond the real time,—the close-pent, coffined ghost, and wandering spectre (forms of ghastly hue and pallid face!) each cross-lane buried suicide, and other rambling sprites! These,—more than these,—(when clocks of public note wrongly proclaim the hour) are robbed of their due rights: are filched of what they deem their dearest privileges. For know, 'tis fixed, ordained, and registered in legal form, within the courts below, (where ghosts receive their laws) that here on earth no shroud-clad form, or lonely spectre ever stalk abroad till midnight gloom, the hour of twelve! and when the glow-worm's fire, or crow of wakeful chanticleer, forewarns them of the time,—they must per force retire again to Pluto's dark domain! Hence, all who have the care of Abbey clocks, and big Cathedral bells, become responsible for time's results! and hence when brought before the courts below, and questioned by Judge Minus, they must, of course, submit to his most absolute—most stern decrees; and there, whatever is the crime, they must incur the penalty! And thus these awful thoughts,—these solemn sounds,—the toll

of deep-toned bells,—soon bring me back to Pan's famed Lodge, the spot from which I wandered. There, boozing still, sat good Squire Hyett and his jolly friends. Just, as before observed, Painswick's old clock had struck the hour of twelve! and when the game—the rubber game of whist was over, each man laid down his cards! Even at that moment Gloucester's famed clock was midnight pealing; which fact the tuneful chimes confirmed. But Docter Shatford, starting from his seat, declared both clocks and chimes were wrong! clocks, bells, and bellmen, bishops, deans, priests, clerks, and vergers, sextons, sweepers, wrong—all wrong!! Then pulling out his watch (a watch of Tompion make) the watch by which he judged the state of health, and regulated every patient's pulse, within the circle of a three hours's ride! By this, he vowed (but most respectfully)—by this his watch and by the sun (which oft his watch corrected) it wanted many minutes yet of twelve; and though not time perhaps, for a rubber of whist, he would propose one single game at Put.

Squire Hyett felt the force of this address, he drew another cork, and down they sat. Sly Satan now, hearing the doctor's words, and ghastly grinning too, at this—this most profane proposal, high he cocked his assinine ears, and from an eight-day clock case, (where he had long lain close concealed) he bodied forth, and placed himself behind the doctor's chair: (unseen by mortal eyes!) the candle now burnt blue and brimstone scent infected all the air. The game of Put began; the squire, the doctor, a cunning law-

yer, and a Gloucester priest; each party trick and trick alike; the last, the winning trick was pending. The priest, soon as he'd dealt, wanting to light his pipe, laid down his cards; the devil took them up! Squire Hyett, eldest hand, led off an ace; the knave the lawyer played; Shatford most joyously put forth his deuce, and said "my life upon the game!" while artful Satan leaning over his shoulder produced a conquering trey, saying "Damme!" for Satan swears sometimes, that is, when in good company, not else; he always acts the gentleman! so now he most politely swore, exclaimly quickly "Damme, doctor, now I have you!" Loud thunders roared and vivid lightnings flashed. The lodge was cleft in two; the roof flew upwards! all the party vanished in a moment. But from some cause unknown,—'tis guessed the devil's over-eagerness! for soon twas found that Shatford's watch was right, the devil wrong; and now the fiend changed colour, blushed quite pale, or brassy; nay, felt for once abashed! a thing most rare with him; for, being once in error, Satan's prime practice is to stare the steadier for it! to lie the louder! and, with apparent candour, cant out deep penitence and seeming sorrow, for sad mistakes by him at times committed, for want of better information! Such were his pleadings now: but this, e'en this his best excuse, was false, vile falsehood all! The truth, the honest truth lay here. So eager for his prey, Satan had exercised his power too soon,—even five whole seconds ere 'twas proper midnight! of course, his devilish functions had not legally commenced! On earth, sometimes, such slips

are not regarded; are trifles called; and grossly overlooked. But Pluto's laws are rigid, most implacable; and to bring culprits, ere their proper time is deemed by Judge Minus, just as bad as hanging thieves before the crime's committed!

Something like this had happened now, and thus the case stood: Squire Hyett and his friends were all released: a Habeas straight was granted them, and, free as air, to Painswick—back they came.

But this affair was soon bruited; and roused both simple youth and garrulous old age! Squire Hyett and his party caught the hint from gossip tongues, and shaped it into form more tangible! A sketch was drawn of this game of Put, as here described: An artist was employed, who soon a finished picture; the colouring most effective: not quite correct, perhaps, nor in what is called good keeping! the devil was drawn even blacker than his horns, too large and frightful! This is a general fault, and most unfair: as to colour, it has been said already, that his appearance is not quite so bad, so very ugly, as at times described! He can put on even pleasant looks when they best suit his purpose! and his wide mouth assumes a smile; a smile that, from its simple and apparent openness, seems fair and pleasing! like to a handsome Gothic gateway, his ebony teeth overhanging from the roof, resembled a huge and rusty old portcullis; awful to all that entered! His tail too! his twisted tail, was much too long—almost preposterous! One part of it was twirling, and appeared as still within the clock-case, even when his head and horns, and assassin ears, were peering over

Doctor Shatford's shoulders! But hold,—I must now cut off this devilish tale, and in plain terms relate the consequences! The consequences of the tale were these: The artist showed the picture round to all his friends,—his numerous friends and kindred. Strangers, too, some hundreds came to see it; and it was by most believed to be founded on sheer facts.

The picture shown was then hung up within Pan's Lodge, and answered well the purpose of the parties; the purpose they intended! which was to frighten fools and idle gossippers: to keep them all afar off; for such like guests they wished not near them! hoped never to be plagued with. The gay, the joyous and the witty there assembled—frequently met; and now the credulous, the fair frivolous, and the fearful kept off; steered wide aloof, which was what all the party most desired. In consequence they now as social *bon vivants*, lived more free, more unmolested, and several months passed on in joyous play, and true convivality.

But pleasure is fugitive! soon, soon, alas, the good Squire Hyett died. His widow and her son shut up the Lodge; weeks, months kept rolling on—nay years—even years. Six years or more, say eight, for eight long years the Lodge was not once opened; terror had spread abroad, and childish fear still awed the neighbouring swains. No peasant passed the spot without some dread, or fear, or trembling curiosity. The worldly minded and most interested stood gaping wide aloof; prudence first paused,—then dull economy or something worse, soon followed. It was recollected

that large binns of wine were still within the cellar: wine of richest flavour! for doctor Shatford always chose the wine, allowed to be as good a judge of wine as physic. He of the former *drank freely*, but little of the latter, yet of both at times, and whenever required he shared it among his friends and patients! the poor partook, and gratis! suffice it now to say the widow and her son, bethought upon the wine, and, as a proof of prudence had it sold, and sold by auction too, to make the most on't. For prudence in these matters links with feeling, and feeling moulds itself to each one's taste. This wine so choiced, so highly famed sold for five times the price at which it first was bought. Was not this prudent? Was it not most wise? Prudence thus gives the profligate their way. She winks at plesantry, connives at play, and punishes by making all well play.

EPITAPH

ON JAMES SHATFORD,

SON OF THE ABOVE DOCTOR SHATFORD,

Who died at Newport, Isle of Wight.

If e'er the prescient eye of Genius caught,
At one quick view, the wide extremes of thought;
If e'er, at Memory's call, ideas sprung,
Or fell in moulded accent from the tongue;
If genuine wit—a mind with knowledge stored,
Or repartee, e'er crown'd the social board;

With eloquence, that, under favoring star,
Had graced the Senate, or illumed the Bar—
Such gifts were THINE——A host of friends appear,
And sanction this faint record with a tear.
SHATFORD farewell!—all who thy merits scan,
Attest the GENIUS—FRIEND—and HONEST MAN.

All who have seen or read the comedy of the *School for Scandal*, and they must be persons of very little taste or feeling who have had the opportunity of so doing and yet omitted it, and very little curiosity must all those possess who have not sought for every production of a writer so excellent as the late Brinsley Sheridan. It may be recollected that in the above play the *School for Scandal*, Lady Dundizzy and her party are reported to have introduced the subject of breeding sheep in Nova Scotia, were the flocks were remarkable for producing twins. Baron Maunchausen, too, a personage of almost equal authority with Lady Dundizzy, has somewhere informed us, that in one of the districts he visited during his wonderful travels, he had found an ingenious people who had invented a method of making the most of their cattle by carving them out by degrees, and eating them piece meal, without giving much pain to the animals and still further without the cruel method of slaughtering them as we do in Europe. The Baron tells his readers, that in one of the countries he travelled through, the voluptuary epicures, and the most tasteful fine ladies,

often indulged their appetites by having a large beef steak, or chop, cut from the most fleshy parts of the living animal; and it was done with such facility and neatness, as is difficult to be described. That ladies of the highest rank, and even those belonging to their Royal Courts, were properly instructed for the purpose and very dexterous in performing the necessary operations on all such occasions: in fact it was thought amongst all well bred people, as easy and as fashionable a thing for a young lady to cut her own beef steak from the living animal, as it would be here to serve her friends with it, while sitting at the head of her own table.

The practice abroad of thus providing the provisions of a fashionable family, was not so difficult, as may at first be imagined. It was somewhat after this method: the cattle were usually driven by those who had the care of them, into the most convenient spots; perhaps the park or lawn before the house, just as we may sometimes see beautiful herds of sleek-coated fat deer, grazing near to, or brought to the very palings of a delightful English Villa. The lady herself singles out the innocent animal which is to supply her table, it is secured; the proper instruments are provided, and the task is performed by her own delicate hands. She of course consults the appetites of her expectant guests, and acts accordingly, always cutting the quantity of steaks required, from the most plump or fleshy part of a fine fat bullock, or the rump of a tender young heifer.

Now the servants and attendants on these occasions,

have always previously prepared, and ready at command, what they call healers or preservers. These are made of something resembling what is here known by the name of gold-beater's skin. The patch is made according to the size of the incision about to be made: a mild, but very tenacious substance is spread round the edges of the patch; this by close adherence to the skin of the animal, prevents the action of the atmospheric air on the orifices of the cuts so inflicted: by this method all danger is avoided, and even all unseemly effects entirely prevented. Thus, amongst the better sort of people, (as far as regards choice cuts and tid bits) a fine bullock or heifer may be said to be eaten eight or ten times over! For the operation is usually performed twice a year on the same animal; and the flesh grows up to its pristine firmness, and its more than original juicy consistency. The third, fourth and fifth times of cutting the slices are thought to be in their highest state of perfection; after that the meat becomes paler and paler every time they are cut; and at the expiration of the tenth or the twelfth year, they are purposely fatted and finally slaughtered for the supply of the common market. The lower orders of the people, as in most other countries, not being able to pamper their appetites, and indulge their varying humours, in the same degree as is the case with the upper classes. They, of course, do not expect to be fed with the tid bits, and almost living savoury slices such as the quality get, but are content to wait till the whole carcases of the animals are brought to the shambles in the regular way. 'Tis rather wonderful that

the Gourmands of France, or the Aldermen of the City of London, have not put something of this sort into practice, in this part of the world.

But now we are on the subject of breeding, and raising cattle, it may not be amiss to notice a custom of breeding bullocks on the coast of South America; or rather on some of the Islands in the Pácific Ocean.

These animals are of a dwarfish nature; not half the size of full fed English oxen: such as are commonly seen in the midland counties. This peculiar species of small oxen is seen in great numbers in South America. They run about the woods and pastures in a half wild state, as if they belonged to nobody; nor do they in any one sense. They ramble about in so wild, so uncertain a manner, that sometimes their owners do not know them; and they become the property of any adventurer who can catch or kill them: and, though their flesh is very good, they are considered valuable, chiefly on account of their skins. The careass is often left, the skin only taken: these skins and the skins and furs of many other animals form a great branch of trade between that country and England; particularly the borough of Southwark, which is I believe one of the principal Marts for these kinds of commodities.

Perhaps it may be remembered that about forty years ago, two Indian Chiefs made some noise in London: The public prints were continually speaking of them, and of their being seen at routes at noblemen's houses and at all public places. I once had the opportunity of being at the house of a private gentleman in the

Borough, where they frequently visited. They were either directly or indirectly concerned in some mercantile transactions connected with that branch of trade alluded to: whether they had any mission at Court, or official employment with Government, I cannot say. One of them, I think his name was Bowles; some thought him an European; perhaps he was so; for he was quite easy in his deportment, and by his manner and speech might be thought either an American, or an Englishman. Three of the gentlemen who were with him, excited in my mind greater curiosity than either of the Chiefs. The three gentlemen here alluded to, appeared to belong to the embassy, or in some way or other, a part of their suit. One of the gentlemen, as soon as they sat down to dinner, was helped to some fish, of which he began to eat heartily: a lady near him put a potatoe on his plate: he did not reject it, but put it rather aside: on her politely pouring a little melted butter over his potatoe and fish, he absolutely started, and rose from his seat: he could not speak three words of English, but uttered something like baw! baw! maw! maw! He seemed to apologize by his action, for his appearing so rude in leaving the table; then ran to the window, opened it, and looked into the street. The fact is, the sight of the melted butter touching the fish he was eating, entirely took away his appetite, and he ran to the window to recover himself. One of the gentlemen near him explained—That none of his countrymen ever eat melted butter with any thing, and as to sauce with fish, all the sauce they wanted was a little of the very element in which

the said fish lived, and on which they feed.] Of course, for trout or any fresh water fish, no sauce was required but pure water from the river itself, or from a well: when feeding on fish bred in the ocean, nothing seemed to give them their proper relish so well as the sea water. This gave a hint to the lady seated at the head of the table: she ordered another plate, supplied it plentifully with fish, scattered a good deal of salt over it, and then pouring in plenty of warm water, the foreigner sat down again in his chair, and fed very heartily. Indeed so heartily, that with the addition only of a large tea-bisket, which he took from the side pocket of his cloak, he finished his dinner, which he seemed to enjoy: then turning round in his chair, he ordered his attendant to bring his pipe, and he immediately began smoking. The only liquor I saw him touch was what he chose to mix for himself: He put something that looked like honey—a dessert spoonful of it, into a goblet of cold water; drank it with great good humour; bowing occasionally with great respect, —briefly answering such questions as were put to him, and conducted himself (like the others—his friends and countrymen,) with good sense, mildness, and affability. I could not help thinking to myself how plain and simple were the manners and wants of these natives of the South-sea Islands. I began to envy them for their unaffected pleasures, the limited number of their wants, and their very social, yet prudent method of conducting themselves in a convivial society; for now the glass began to be pushed freely round: port, sherry, champaigne, madeira, old hock, and brilliant

burgundy, possessed no charms to them, so as to draw them from their simple, and innocently honied beverage. Yet their good spirits and hilarity seemed to keep pace with the rest of the company, and, as before observed, I could not help feeling, that on the whole the natives of the South-seas, shone to more advantage than the sophisticated Europeans.

Being in Bath last summer, I attended the agricultural meetings, and heard many speeches; examined with pleasure many models of different inventions, and listened with attention to what the inventors said in favor of them. Some persons, though clever, were so sanguine in their expectation of the good likely to arise from their various improvements, that it was impossible, at times, to help smiling at their various speculations. Happening to visit one of the principal Inns the next day, when some of these topics were by chance introduced; a very ingenious gentleman, whom I understood to be a most respectable inhabitant of Milsom Street, gave the company, then present, some information on the subject of breeding small cattle, which created some degree of surprize; but it was given in so very pleasant a way, as to afford amusement. What has been said of Baron Munchausen's savory slices cannot be compared to what this good humoured gentleman related; nor ought what has been said of the breed of small cattle on the South Sea Islands, ever to be named at the same time with the breed of what this gentleman termed the "Beunos Ayres bullocks." But let this respectable and well-informed Bath gentleman speak for himself.

He began by saying—"I'm surprised that these agricultural societies and great breeders of cattle, have for so long a time been quite inattentive to what has for years been going on in South America; perhaps was known there even at the time Columbus first discovered the country; but ah—the cursed love of gold first caught the attention of the Europeans, and has ever since kept their thoughts flowing in the same wrong channel; otherwise they would have found that the breeding of Beunos Ayres bullocks would have proved a greater source of wealth, than all the gold and diamond mines of the whole continent. In fact their value has been kept back, or misunderstood, by the impropriety of their name! and is another instance of what evil may be done and how good may be delayed for years, merely on account of having improper names given to objects not well understood: Tis supposed that the objects now spoken of, received their names from Voyagers not skilled in matters of this nature—men who on first discovering them, perceived projecting, white substances springing from the fore parts of their heads, termed them horns, and this is supposed to be the reason why the creatures themselves were termed Bullocks! a name, which had it been admitted even by a Docter Johnson, would never suit the notions of any Leicester or Lincolnshire grazier. They, doubtless, would find some other name for them! a name more characteristic of their qualities.

The Beunos Ayres breeders of these bullocks, (as tis reported) adopt the following method of rearing and fattening them! a trench is dug at proper seasons,* in

the beautiful and productive soil of Beunos Ayres This trench, about two feet deep and the same in width and generally six feet long: from the adjoining hedgerows or green banks, the breeder collects a species of small creatures encased in at one end of the trench, fresh dug; and then, at the other end of the trench, he lays down some fine slices of fresh beef; a plank or board is then put over them, and they are left to feed at pleasure. The feeder, at any time, by raising the board, can witness their growth, and by the length and strength of their horns, can ascertain when it is most prudent to remove them. And this, gentlemen, is the method in which they manage their best breed of bullocks at Beunos Ayres." At this moment, the gentleman having drank his brandy and water, rose from his seat, bade us good day, and went out.

Some of the gentlemen seemed to relish the story, but looked as if they doubted the truth of it. But the account was spoken with so serious an air, it would have been unmannerly to have contradicted, or even to have interrupted the gentleman. A stranger, a plain country gentleman, sitting at one corner of the room, believed every word of what had been said, and wondered why a memorial of this subject was not presented to all the agricultural societies, recommending the breed of Beunos Ayres bullocks! The Milsom Street gentleman at this moment returned for his gloves, which he had left on the table where he had sat, and hearing the stranger's remarks, he added — That he lately entertained thoughts of drawing up such a memorial, but on further consideration, he discovered

that these supposed bullocks never got to a size, so as to render them worthy of bearing the name, and that making allowance for the difference of soil and climate, it was discovered that Beunos Ayres bullocks, and European snails, are the same thing, and that instead of feeding snails with beef, it is much better for Britons to broil their beef-steaks, and eat them in the old fashioned way." On this candid explanation taking place, the whole company joined in a hearty laugh, and departed.

Having thus rambled about after the breed and feed of horned cattle, Beunos Ayres bullocks, and British beefsteaks, it may be proper to return once again to my own history.

In the year of 1793, Mr. Shatford and myself had two companies. He was chiefly stationed at Lymington in Hampshire, and I at Devizes, Frome, and Wells; I had with me a lady—a Miss Thornhill; she was a very genteel, well-bred person of lady-like habits, but very inexperienced as an actress; and like many others, though perfect at rehearsal, not to be depended on at night. She was, on one particular evening, playing Portia in the Merchant of Venice: all passed on pretty well till the trial scene, when she came on as the "Learned Doctor:" she looked well in the characteristic costume;—the black gown and legal band became her; she was altogether as beautiful as any barrister in Westminster Hall,—and perhaps as sound a lawyer, if not so profound a judge. On her entering the court she was much applauded: this burst of approba-

tion seemed to disorganize all her forensic faculties. As soon as the presiding duke had taken her by the hand, and placed her by his side on the bench of justice, she faintly asked "Which is the Merchant here, and which the Jew?" On stepping forward to address them, she came to me, (for I played Basanio) and she whispered "For heaven's sake do speak something for me; I cannot remember one word more!" This alarmed me of course, but I immediately turned towards the Duke and spoke to the following effect "May it please your grace, the learned doctor wishes me to inform the court that he paid the utmost attention to the evidence that has been laid before him, touching the point in question; that he gave the case his most mature consideration; and indeed he suffered it to occupy the whole time during his journey from Padua to this place. This and the fatigue of travelling have so exhausted his spirits, that he fears it would waste the time of the court to trust alone to his endeavours. He has however ordered his clerk to draw up a proper statement of the whole affair and the precise form of examining the necessary witnesses. Here is the statement, and other documents properly attested. I hope your grace will take up the case yourself, and proceed in due form so as to save the learned doctor the trouble of wasting his admirable powers at the present moment." In saying this I snatched a piece of parchment which Nerrissa (the clerk) held in her hand, I gave it to the Duke (Mr. Hatton) who placed the book of the play upon it, and read every one of the speeches meant for Portia. Let me be permitted here

to remark that by doing this I added something to the scene by making it perhaps more natural than as written by the author. How? (many may exclaim) what? improve Shakspeare? Yes, I reply, but in such a way that had I Shakspeare's abilities, and Shakspeare's judgment I should be ready to transgress as he did, and happy to have it in my power to commit similar errors; for it is not very natural, or even probable, that two pretty young women should be able to disguise themselves so as to deceive the Venetian Senate, the wisest court then existing; and it is still less probable that this wise court should put all their power into a stranger's hands, on their first seeing him. However learned the worthy doctor may be—it will not do to talk about the nature of such things, and nature only! The whole audience themselves may be questioned, whether they consult nature when they visit close and crowded London Theatres, and neglect the open squares and free air of parks and pleasure grounds, and, still worse, seek not the varied prospects, delightful walks, and the health-breathing zephyrs of the country.

As to the argument about what is natural, in plays—the whole may be summed up in few words, happily expressed by Mr. Puff "Plague on't,— plays are not meant to be so natural as to represent things that happen every day; only so far natural as to show that though they never did, they might, happen. This I think is a sufficient excuse, not only for Shakspeare, but for all who have erred in the same line. Besides —Shakspeare well knew (even in his day) that two

pretty looking females dressed as counsellors, would please his audience better than two men, however learned they might be in law affairs, and therefore in order to make sure of pleasing, he dressed up two females special pleaders! with looks effective as their words!

MORAL OBSERVATIONS,

OR,

A SHORT SERMON

FOR WHOEVER WILL READ IT!

TEXT.

"The man who keeps his accounts regular and accurately will never be ruined."

This text or remark was first impressed on my mind by my departed friend, Mr. J. Shatford, a man of great talent; and of such ready wit, that he could, whenever he pleased, absolutely "set the table in a roar"—His knowledge of mankind, in common life, and under every-day circumstances, was superior to any other man I ever met with: He could catch in a moment, the prevailing humour of the company he was in, and in such an easy, natural manner, that a stranger would suppose that it was the very subject that had occupied his thoughts before he came into the room! I have

known him argue on both sides of a question in the same company, and on the same evening: nay, more, the company should never perceive that he had changed at all! He would make such admissions as were necessary to keep one party in good humour with themselves and their own opinions, and then, from the same premises, he would draw such widely different deductions, as to bring over all parties to the same way of thinking.

Yet he never did this for any base views, or selfish purposes, or ungracious, illiberal motives! No—his principal motives were to reconcile the differences of opinion, smooth the asperities of temper, and in short to make all parties pleased with themselves. He did all this so naturally too, there was nothing of the partizan about him! Nothing of the apparently interested advocate in his manner. If he occasionally leaned to one side more than to the other, he would immediately do away the effect of that impression, by throwing the whole weight of his advocacy into the opposite scale. Then he was always interesting, because always so apparently in earnest! For in one sense, he was always in earnest! Earnest to gain the attention of his hearers, earnest to display the powers of oratory, and doubly earnest to carry his point, on all occasions.

It did not matter what the subject of conversation might happen to be, he was always prepared for it! Dean Swift is said to have written wittily upon a broomstick! so with Shatford, he could speak long and very eloquently on a broom, a brush, a brickbat, or even on a bag of nails!! (some points here at all events)

There was, at times, a degree of sarcasm and cutting satire about him; that was highly blameable! And this he always introduced the most, where he was the weakest in point of argument, it was a kind of *finesse*,—a *Ruse de Guerre*, which he often made use of to throw his adversary off his guard!—or to give a different turn to the conversation,—but I will do him the justice to say, that he never behaved thus in private. He would argue coolly and rationally and was liberally open to conviction on every subject. When I have reminded him of his holding an opposite opinion in company,—and that he even had contradicted my assertions! He would say—pshaw—you ought to have seen that the majority of the company were of the contrary opinion; and of what use is it to risk their displeasure, by attempting to remove their confirmed prejudices? No—let them go on till they break their shins against them! they will then thank you to get the prejudices removed.

I well remember seeing the present Lord Holland, in the character of *Whiskerando* in the *Critic* and in one of the parts in the farce—I think twas *Lovel*; I'm not quite certain what his lordship played—but I have since very often beheld the parts much worse done by regular professors, and I felt convinced at the time, that his lordship showed every promise of soon being a capital actor! His lordship's talents and actions, in another line, have since confirmed the truth of that promise and done honor to himself as well as to the credit of his illustrious uncle, the patriotic and truly Right Honorable Charles James Fox, who was soon after that time at the very acme of his popularity.

On concluding at Bedford we removed to Woburn and were honored by the patronage of the different branches of the Russell family; we also went to Buckingham, for several weeks the early part of the summer. I remember being charmed with Stowe Gardens, and very often used to frequent the delightful walks there; and look with profound respect at all the names inscribed on the Temple of the Worthies; and carrying books with me, I often read for hours in the different pavilions dedicated to the heathen divinities. Part of the next winter we passed at Abington; yes "Abington in Berkshire," as young Wilding has often been heard to say. Our chief motives for going there, were for the purpose of obtaining the patronage and support of the Oxford scholars, many of whom had interested themselves in the cause, and added their entreaties as to our stopping there as long as possible. Things went on pretty smoothly for a week or so; but, ah, the performance was too good; they could not find enough to laugh at. They soon began to be very annoying to the most respectable ladies and gentlemen in the boxes and other parts of the house: when silenced by the plaudits bestowed on the actors, by those who came to be entertained with the play, they, the Oxford bucks, changed their manœuvres into mock applause and deafening cries of "Bravo! Bravo!" Between the acts, they would often plague the Orchestra by loud cries of "Play up! "Music" "Roast beef" &c. &c. at length the musicians took no notice of them: but on a particular occasion, a very noisy young gentleman, one of the scholars, called to the

leader by his proper name (Cooper) threw a shill into the Orchestra and bade him play a horn-pip Cooper (who was a harmless but shrewd man) to up the shilling, played a bar or two of some qui tune, looked round and nodded, as much as to sa "Thank you Sir!"—Bravo then resounded from th scholars: another shilling was thrown and quickly another tune was played, but only a few bars of it. Cooper took up the second shilling, and again nodded his thanks! a pause ensued—when Cooper turned round and with a very grave face, said "Will any other gentleman like to have a shillings' worth?" The ladies in the boxes smiled, the gentlemen laughed, the pit loudly applauded, and the Oxford wits never cracked another joke. They soon left the house, quarrelled with the turnpike keeper as they went home; the Chancellor forbade them to come again, and this to our comfort, brought on a premature and extra Oxford vacation!

I shall, I hope, be pardoned if I relate a short anecdote of a very different kind. During my stay at Abingdon, I had scribbled a farce with songs, which I called "I don't know what." By way of getting acquainted with me, a good natured gentleman, (one squire W.) I suppress his name for reasons which will soon appear. He was rather a sensible man when sober, but I never found him so, except for the first three hours in the morning. He would rise from his bed about eight or nine,—begin with his morning medicine, and endeavour to renovate his habitual errors and constitutional defects, by those means which best

suited his inclinations; and thus by his spirited practices, he would assuage his bodily ailments. Purl was pleasant; even aloes allowed sweet when put into warm ale or strong beer; milk was considered good when rum was put into it, and bitters made him a beautiful beverage when mixed up with gin or brandy. In short, he had always a strong desire of pouring strong liquors down his dry and for ever thirsty throat.

This honest squire took a great fancy to me, because he imagined me so very much like a young relation of his, who had died about three years before. He offered to give me a beautiful horse, which he often lent me to ride a coursing with him: nay, more than this—he offered me the hand of his niece, a young lady who kept his house; yes, and he offered to give her a fortune of one thousand pounds on the day of marriage, and the bulk of his property at his death. That is, if I would leave the stage, and live at his house, or in the neighbourhood. I had no idea of any thing of the kind before, but I confess his offer somewhat staggered me.

My first reply was, thanks for your good opinion, sir; but the young lady's inclination should be consulted. "Oh (he replied) don't be over modest; you cannot have any doubt on that subject: you are already well assured that my niece is a very good, and a fine girl; and though not more than eighteen, if I sanction your addresses, you will not have the least reason to apprehend any objection on her part." I felt the truth of all these observations—yet seemed to hesitate (for I was indeed somewhat confounded) and he ex-

pecting my ready acquiescence, added "Nay, if you don't approve of what I have offered, candidly say so at once!" I mustered up courage to declare that I did most cordially approve of his liberal offer; but I should wish to ascertain whether the young lady's compliance would be chiefly in obedience to her uncle's proposal, or real affection for me. In fact, I all at once became a cautious, calculating, hesitating, sentimental sophist —or Faulkland-like lover. The fact was, though I liked the young lady, that is, thought her very agreeable; which she really was; yet the cause of my hesitation was this: I found him so much given to drinking, that I feared if I kept him company as I had done, I should injure my health, and probably ruin my constitution. And I also feared that if I declined drinking, or said too much against the practice, I should run the risk of losing his favor: for a circumstance happened so as to convince me that he could not bear much raillery on the subject of drinking. The circumstance was this: Talking one morning of the next performance, which was settled to be "The Belles Stratagem," he observed he should like to go on the stage in the masquerade scene. I told him that he might; as the more characters we had on the stage, on such occasions, the better, provided they were properly dressed. What did I mean by properly dressed? Oh, so as to make as much variety as possible: "Nay (he replied) dress me up as you please, so as I am not known; any disguise you like!" I observed, the performers generally chose their own characters, so as to suit their conveniences; and if it

best suited him, he might put on his boots, and go as a fox or hare hunter, or a plain country squire. "No, no, (he answered) that won't do; I shall be known: my object is, not to be known: any thing so as I cannot be known!" If that is your only object (said I) there is but one safe method of preventing your being known, if you go on the stage; and what method is that? (said he) I replied—why this—"Go on the stage perfectly *sober*, and my life on it, nobody will know you!"

I looked in earnest and so did he for a moment; the hit was rather too hard for him! but however he was naturally good natured, so he laughed it off, and turned the conversation to some other subject.

Before we left that part of the country, he made me many little presents; we continued to correspond occasionally; but business led me to Wantage & Thame, —then again to Newport and to Brighton; and afterwards what became of this good natured squire I never heard! I much fear he killed himself by drinking.

MECHANICS.

Having in the course of the preceding pages, more than once alluded to the subject of mechanics, a few more observations of that sort might, it is presumed be admitted.

After mentioning the highly famed Archimedes of ancient days, we need only glance at the many other great men, who at different times, and in different

countries, have, by their genius illustrated the leading principles of this department of human knowledge. Various and convincing reasons may be given why the mechanical arts, as well as astronomy and some other studies (closely connected with them) got the start, and were more constantly, more perseveringly, pursued than many other branches of learning. Branches that have led to the cultivation, and advancement of the present state of the human mind. The studies which in a general sense least improved the intellect were freely, fearlessly permitted, and sometimes liberally encouraged; while the natural progress of MIND,* was not only impeded, but generally restrained, pushed back or forced into an erroneous track, that often led into a state of things, as bad, if not worse than brutal debasement. But for the cruelty, or caprice of tyranny, slavery, and bigotry, many of the liberal arts would perhaps have flourished even before the periods at which they made their first advances to peculiar notice. It would be foreign to the present purpose, and might occupy too much space in these memoirs, to mention even the names only of the persons who have rendered themselves famous by their skill in the mechanic line. Prodigies of this kind have been accomplished within the course of the last century; nay even within the last fifty years. Perhaps no other branch of human knowledge has so rapidly advanced as this; nor on such certain grounds; so

* BACON, the Philosopher, has observed that, eventually, "MIND will triumph over MATTER!"

wonderfully conclusive and satisfactory. The union of the great sciences, particularly those of the mathematical and mechanical kind, have attained in many respects such a degree of precision and certainty, that several other arts, less capable of being accurately defined, have fallen into some degree of disrepute; and are sometimes ranked among those inconclusive acquirements which modern philosophers have termed visionary.

It is however to be hoped, that such delusive and uncertain studies, as those here alluded to, have had their day, and that the world will no longer be injured by the fallacies they brought with them. On the other hand, it may as confidently be hoped, that, as far as utility is concerned, studies of the most liberal kind,—at least the good consequences of them, are in effect only just beginning to spread! or rather though begun ages ago, they had been neglected, or thrown aside for others less valuable; others worse than useless! studies which have generally been attended with mischievous consequences. But latterly scientific researches have been directed to nobler, and to more essential purposes; and are now assisted and accompanied with greater facilities, and congenial discoveries; every one of them serving to forward the advance of the others, and all tending to aid the grand work of general information.

Every man who has the welfare of his species at heart, will gladly add his best endeavour (however humble), to assist the cause of truth on all occasions, and by "all his strength and all his might," he will strain

his utmost endeavours to add something to the common stock of human knowledge. Discoveries and inventions of all kinds, formerly, were seldom relished, nor generally accredited; unless such novelties fell in with the previously received and bigotted opinions;—the prevailing systems of the schools;—or unless, the said discoveries had a romantic or fabulous origin attributed to them. We need not go so far back as to thank Bacchus for the invention of wine, or to bless Jupiter for the manufacture of his thunder-bolts! Nor need we consider ourselves much indebted to the Welch bards, the Scottish witches and wizzards, or the British druids:—for either their harps, their brooms, or their misseltoe. The harps are well enough when they are well played upon: the brooms are good enough to sweep away all kinds of rubbish: and the misseltoe is particularly good, when the pretty young maidens are kissed under it, during the holidays! Some of these things are very pleasant; but we must proceed again to the argument in question. We have now-a-days no occasion to consider ourselves indebted to fabulous authority for inventions of any sort. We need not now conceive ourselves obliged to the brazen head of Friar Bacon, for pouring out its oracular wisdom into the empty heads of others! (but Bacon's own head was too well furnished to need such filling!) Nor need we have recourse to infernal agency, by which, it was said, Doctor Faustus first caught the art of Printing! In this affair, the devil was even too cunning for himself! He did not perceive that the art of Printing would in the end absolutely destroy

all his other arts! all his wiles, all his deceitful, devilish powers! In fact, a thorough belief in such powers is now impossible to be found,—'tis ridiculous to suppose that such an ugly non-de-script as Satan should exist long with, or near the Press of a Printer! Little dark coloured imps are sometimes seen running about in their *official* capacities, but Beelzebub himself keeps aloof, and at a most respectful distance!

Without the pretence or delusive assumption of supernatural aid, every species of knowledge now progressively advances, and on grounds as certain as are the modern discoveries most useful to man; and which well founded discoveries have placed him in his present elevated station as a social being, at the head of the creation, and as the enlightened benefactor of his species.

'Tis only within the last century that the human mind can be said to have been rightly biassed, or put into a right line of direction. The results have been wonderfully felicitous! and the eventual consequences may be still more wonderful! 'Tis not too improbable to suppose that mankind may, at no very distant period, learn to traverse the ocean, or skim the regions of the air, with greater facility, and even with as much precision, as we now travel on a turnpike road.

Since centuries are only *units* in the scale of eternity; and as the last century has done so much, the intelligent and sanguine mind, will almost turn giddy in calculating the probable or final results of future times, and future discoveries. It has been observed by a celebrated classic author, that—"The human mind naturally

looks forward!" The love of knowledge is implanted in our nature: we are eternally on the alert: and this proneness, this alertness, was, perhaps, what was meant to be typified by the words in the bible, where punishment is inflicted for the too eager wish to know "good from evil!" It may here be worth while to ascertain what is strictly meant by the words knowledge, wisdom, learning, &c.

What is knowledge, or wisdom, but the accumulation of facts? The gleaning of single, unconnected circumstances and events, for the purpose of future guidance? The watching for (and making due remarks, with due caution) all the occurrences that can possibly contribute to the enlargement of mind,—the welfare of ourselves, our friends, and the general good of society?

How is general knowledge to be obtained, but by observation and meditation? and these two functions or operations of the mental powers, constitute what is meant by experience. We all try, or ought to try, to obtain truth, at all times, and on all occasions: nothing can be the test, or proof of truth, but experience: and experience (as here stated) is the result (the aggregate result) of meditation, observation, and absolute facts. This, it is presumed, will be allowed even by the most scrupulous, to be as perfect a syllogism as logic can produce! what then is the consequence? This: It follows as naturally, and as certainly, as night follows day, that real knowledge (wisdom) can only be gathered by the process here described: and when thus gathered, and lodged collectively in the mind of man, that same man becomes what is called wise. There may be others

very clever, very ingenious, very praiseworthy characters; and, perhaps, of nearly equal benefit to their fellow creatures; but the term wisdom is here to be understood in a way only as regards general knowledge, or the accumulation of facts. Whoever has his judgment thus formed, thus established, must, of course, be wise: that is, as well informed, on general subjects, as his station in life will afford him to be: and the result will then soon convince him that whatever he has learned, is little, or nothing, in the scale of universal knowledge! 'Tis the mere numeration table in wisdom's arithmetic! The first step (the ground step) leading to the pyramid of human discovery! The first rough sketch or outline, of the map of general information! and something even less than a rough sketch of the map of nature!

Shakspeare, as well as Solomon before him, observed that "The wise man knows himself to be a fool!" By the bye, let it be asked, why was Solomon denominated wise? He did many things which have been generally allowed to be very weak, and highly blameable. Even so think some people at the present time. The words present time, are used, because opinions often change with the fashions of the age; and there are different modes of thinking, as well as of dressing! and there ought to be published "Magazines for fashionable modes of *thinking!*" in the same way as for "fashionably *dressing!*" Indeed, most of the books and newspapers that are printed in all parts of the world, are somewhat after this plan, though under different titles. Read the books of all ages, and of all countries, and it will

be found that they are all filled with the most fashionable modes of thinking, the most prevailing opinions at the periods when the said books were published! But as far as respects Solomon, why was he thought wise? and wherefore were the chapters in the bible given as having been the product of his brain? Merely because he had the character, and, no doubt, was one of the wisest men of the age in which he lived. We are told that Solomon was favored by the Deity when he followed the laws of wisdom; and he was punished when he swerved from what was just, and acted in a contrary direction. We are also told that David was a "man after God's own heart." As David was accounted wise, it is very consolatory to think that wisdom is in favor with the Deity, and therefore, it is praiseworthy to seek wisdom by all the means in our power. We ought to think nothing a trouble that puts us in possession of real knowledge, which implies the best method of attaining happiness; and by learning how to attain it, we, at the same time, learn how to avoid practices that lead to consequences of an opposite nature.

As to the other branch of the question—why Solomon's writings, or sayings, were called proverbs? 'Tis probable that they were so styled from their own intrinsic value; the absolute worth of the wisdom they communicated: and as every benevolent and truly wise man wishes to serve his fellow creatures, Solomon thought it a part of his duty to enforce and to urge, the wholesome truths he had discovered by all the means in his power; and that these truths were so often repeated by others, and so universally acknowledged,

that they became proverbial, and in the mouths of all ranks of people; in all nations, all countries and districts; wherever the scriptures were circulated, and the most sacred, most divine truths were sought or wished for, welcomed or adored. It is complimentary to any doctrines, any set of opinions, systems, or modes of communicating good sense, to say that those opinions are proverbial! It shows them to be generally esteemed and considered highly valuable: books of folly may prevail for a short time, but if they do not carry with them something of value, they will very soon sink into insignificance and be treated with contempt, till they are finally buried in silence and oblivion. But, on the contrary, Solomon's wisdom became so evident, and so generally admitted, that even common voices proclaimed it, spoke of its worth and general utility, in all places and on all occasions; till it became as well known as a popular tune; and hence it may be presumed, was the original cause why that portion of the bible was called Solomon's Song.

It is not meant to indulge in any degree of levity while speaking on a subject of this kind: but songs are often the greatest proofs of estimable notoriety, and sterling worth. That admirable, and truly pious, as well as humourous writer, Mr. Addison, tells us, in his Spectator, that he had rather have been the author of the old song of Chevy Chace, than of all the works that ever had issued from his pen. A greater compliment than this could not have been paid to proverbial maxims, old sayings or songs, or popular trifles of any kind: especially when it is considered

that Mr. Addison was one of the best critics, and the author of the comedy of "The Drummer," and the tragedy of "Cato:" and still more, well known to have been a truly wise, and strictly honest man. After stating the authority of Mr. Addison, it may be presumed that no further apology is necessary for the insertion of the many trifles, and scraps that may be found in the course of nearly all popular writings, as well as in these desultory and methodical pages. If the said trifles afford any degree of amusement, and the manner of stating them should stimulate the reader into the search after any more important truths; the purpose will be fully accomplished, and the time not wasted that is spent in the perusal of them: on the contrary, inquiring minds will be turned from what is vain or frivolous, to what is at all events innocent; possibly amusing, and probably not uninstructive, nor without some manifestations of general utility. Sometimes I chide myself, lest it should be supposed, that I am too vain in seeming to believe, that any opinions or observations, that are scattered through these desultory pages, can ever possess the least tendency to influence any respectable portion of society. But I am not afraid of incurring the censure of any right thinking man, if at times I appear somewhat too vain, nay even ridiculous, in supposing that trifling pages like these, can ever have sufficient weight to rule the conduct or opinion, of even a single individual. To assume on my part too great a degree of modesty, or diffidence on this occasion, would be like betraying the cause of truth and advancing that of ignorance.

I am firmly of opinion, that the advanced position of the human mind in comparison with former ages, is owing more to small publications than large ones: while knowledge was made known only through the medium of large folio, or quarto volumes, it was confined to the perusal of those belonging to establishments who were prejudiced, or too much interested, to diffuse the light of knowledge amongst the bulk of mankind: therefore but for small or cheap publications, the people at large would never have been what they are at present. There is still a point not generally known; which is—that many good and wise men are of opinion that it is a pity that the common people (that is, the labouring classes) are so well informed as they now are: that information only tends to make them dissatisfied, and consequently unhappy. Now those who argue in this manner have only policy in view: they do not consider that their policy is founded on selfishness only; and that such narrow principles can no longer keep the human mind in subjection: no; even self-interest must now adopt a more liberal policy; and it is now too late to question which is the best of the two,—whether a selfish or a liberal policy? The narrow, illiberal system, kept mankind in ignorance for ages; and oceans of blood were shed to keep society in as low a condition and as little above brutes as possible; and it is probable that our faculties would have remained very inferior to what they now are, but for the invention of Printing. The Press, by the rapid communication of thought, has been the means of making one year do the work of a century.

But to return to our story. My friend Shatford died, leaving however his widow handsomely provided for: but, as he foretold, in his letters to me, that she would probably suffer herself to be imposed upon till she was ruined, if I did not exert myself in her favor, to keep all right. I did my best; and she also had with her, a very worthy performer of the name of Grant, who conducted the business for her during several seasons, with considerable ability, and with what in such cases, is more difficult to be met with,—he served her with great uprightness, honor and honesty. But all who are concerned with the management of Theatres, are often in as much danger of failing from the mistaken advice of friends, as from the selfish views of others who surround them. Mr. Grant was too delicate to press his opinions on Mrs. Shatford, and she, like a woman, did not complain to me, till she had put it out of my power to assist her: nay, even the advice I gave her, and the actual service I did her, she rendered worse than nugatory, by her future mistaken conduct. She was naturally a very good natured, good meaning woman; but these qualities mixed up with the incidents of a long stage-life, have rendered her an actual curiosity! She was, by no means, deficient either in general information or good sense; but no person ever verified the proverb more than she did, of being "Penny wise and pound foolish!"

She would pinch herself to please those who most imposed upon her! she would deny herself even the common necessaries of life, the better to supply others with what was useless, uncommon, and absolutely un-

necessary! When she was upwards of sixty, she was, on certain subjects, as romantic as a young lady of sixteen! she would sigh and sob over a sentimental novel, or a pathetic story! pant with pleasure at a well told love tale! tears would often run down the deep wrinkles and furrows of her cheeks, at the tender scenes of distressed, despairing lovers! and then again her eyes would sparkle with pleasure at their happy release from trouble, or their midnight elopement! Then, while in the Theatre, she always from proper motives, or rather over attention in guarding against the danger of fire, would often extinguish the lights before the audience had quitted their places! then she was so very careful of the pieces of candle left burning in the sockets, that she would burn or spoil a silk handkerchief or shawl, by collecting them, or by putting them into the tail of her gown, or the crown of her best bonnet.

At Salisbury once, we had a light coloured velvet suit, beautifully embroidered with silver, for which we had given about ten guineas (its original cost, perhaps fifty) Mr. Shatford had one night put on this very dress for the part of Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, in Macklin's Comedy of "The Man of the World." Just before the play began, as he was standing with his back towards the green-room fire, he felt something trickling down his legs into his shoes: only imagine his surprise when he found it was melted tallow! This was occasioned by the *prudence* of Mrs. Shatford. Thus—on the previous night, after collecting her handkerchief full of ends of candles, she had by way of taking care,

safely put them into the pocket of the above named best velvet coat, which she always kept locked up among the most choice and valuable things in her wardrobe. This accident of the candles melting in the pocket, spoiled the whole suit, for it never was of any value afterwards.

I remember another trait of Mrs. Shatford's character. She and her servant maid going from the Theatre one summer's night, met with the following accidents. There had just been a violent thunder storm which had made the streets somewhat dirty; and as there was scarcely a star to be seen, every thing appeared very gloomy; indeed, extremely dark.

Mrs. Shatford had borrowed a handsome looking-glass for Lady Townley's toilet, and for fear her maid should break it, she took charge of it herself, and bade the girl attend her home with a lanthorn: Shatford and myself, walked a little forward talking on business: we heard a loud scream and turning back, we found Mrs. Shatford down in the middle of the street; we attempted to raise her, but in vain: her expressions were "Oh no, let me alone, let me die; let me die where I am. Kill me, kill me, why dont you kill me? saying this, she thrust her head deeper into the mud: she appeared to consider the dirt as a relief to her distress, and in the luxury of her despair, she snuzzled in the mud, like an infant to her mother's bosom. We raised her on her knees, and asked her where she felt pain?—where she was hurt? "Here, here! she replied; putting her hand towards her heart, but on the outside of an old cloak she generally wore: "Oh broke

broke !" what your arm ? "Oh no" (deeply sighing) worse than that :" we said "Not your ribs we hope ?" "No no," worse than that ! Here, here said she ! laying her hand on her heart. "Broke, broke !" Your heart broke ?—"The glass, the looking-glass ! Oh, oh, oh ! Nay mistress, don't fret; there's no harm done, (said the servant girl) I picked up the looking-glass : see, its not broke at all. "Why I heard the sound of broken glass, said the mistress, (still sobbing) "Oh replied the maid, that was only a bit of glass out of my lanthorn, which was before broken : and that was the reason of the candle being blown out, and our being thus in the dark." On this being explained, Mrs. Shatford got up and walked home as if nothing had happened ; she complained a little of having dirtied her face and bruised her knee, but since the looking-glass was safe, she did not care a pin for the rest.

Her husband, Mr. Shatford, laughed at her a good deal, and the next day joked her handsomely about poking her nose in the mud, as if she enjoyed it ! But she was too much accustomed to such jokes to be offended with any thing that could be said, and as before observed, she was naturally of an easy, pleasant disposition : it passed over, and all was well. Another time, and while at Salisbury, as Mr. Shatford, being somewhat remarkable with regard to diet, was equally so with respect to physic. One day, feeling rather low-spirited, he brought home with him a rump steak —a bottle of ketchup—a tart, and a dose of his favorite medicine. The medicine was to be taken first, in order to gain an appetite : but being unexpectedly called

upon by a friend, he recovered his spirits, went out to dine, and thought no more of the physic. Mrs. Shatford, seeing it poured out of the bottle, ready for taking, said "Od rabbit it! 'tis a pity this should be wasted!" So she stirred it up, and swallowed every drop of it: the which for three or four hours gave her great pain, and made her extremely sick.

Mr. Shatford, from indulgences and late hours, was, at times, very feverish and restless, and then could not get sufficient sleep without having recourse to opiates. He had so often, and for so long a time, pursued this practice, that he one day amused me by saying that I should draw his character in a new farce, showing how he could *sleep* when he chose, *rest* as he liked, or *wake* as it were mechanically! That he was sure he had ascertained by practice the exact quantity of opium that would set him asleep, and keep him so till such time as he chose to awake in the morning! He offered to lay me a wager that he could not only sleep when he liked, but awake at any time in the morning that I chose to appoint! Mrs. Shatford knew little, or nothing, about opium, or the difference in its effects on those who frequently took it, and those who did not: she knew that it caused sleep, and that was all. One evening being somewhat fatigued, she thought that going to bed rather early, and having a good sound sleep, would refresh her spirits and make her perfectly comfortable. She had often observed the quantity of

opium Mr. Shatford was in the habit of taking, and fully resolving to have a good sound sleep, she took a double dose. Egad, it was feared by many that saw her, that she had set herself to sleep for ever! a couple of grains more would, perhaps, have completed the business, and caused her certain death! For the next day, and the succeeding night, she never once opened her eyes, and every body around her began to think that her sleep would prove eternal! This incident—this comfortable nap of about sixty hours! made her cautious in future how she trusted to her own judgment; and though her good nature induced her to take every thing that was kindly meant, (and *offered gratis*) yet such was her dislike to any thing that came from a "doctor's shop," she never after could bear either the touch, the smell, or even the sight of any drug whatever! Another trait of her character was—She once had the tooth-ache violently; she felt the pain all over one side of her mouth, but scarcely knew which tooth it was that plagued her; she was told that from the appearances, it was adviseable to have two teeth drawn instead of one. "But, won't it cost double the money?" (asked the old lady) "Why yes; (she was told) but what then? Besides—as one tooth seemed very good, perhaps, when the bad one was taken out, she might possibly be relieved from pain without removing the other tooth, should it prove a good one." Well (said Mrs. Shatford) I'll consent to have both taken out on these conditions—that if one be a good sound tooth, the doctor shall have it for his trouble, if he won't charge me for drawing out the bad one!

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It may be remembered by some, if not by many, that a few years ago I discovered a curious old chair, which was traced to have once been the property of the poet Gay, who was a native of Barnstaple: and on my first going there, upwards of thirty years ago, several persons were living who knew something of his family. The finding this chair, and the curiosity raised about it, created some interest in the minds of the parties most immediately concerned.

Besides the papers and memorandums originally found, several others were given me: some of which I have been deprived of in a manner very provoking, as may hereafter be explained.

When I published the little volume, called "Gay's Chair;" applications were made to me about the chair itself, requesting to have the first offer if ever I wished to sell it. Ten or twelve years passed over, and though often asked, I never listened to any proposal of the kind. But many inconveniences taking place with regard to the carriage of the chair, and the danger of having it broken by taking it with me to the different towns I frequented, I hinted to my family the prudence of parting with it; especially if a sufficient price could be obtained, and the purchaser some person near at hand, where I could occasionally show it to friends if requested, nearly the same as if it remained my

own. But I recollected that the relations of Gay made the first application, and were promised the first offer, if I parted with it. These relations were some of rank and property: Alas! I found too, that they had a much greater taste for property than for poetry! But no matter, on points of taste we have no right to find fault with each other. I have myself too long indulged a poetic taste, and have often prosaically suffered for it! Gay's Devonshire relations plainly prove that they have paid proper attention to his writings, by learning from them that fable was not equal to fact, nor relative gaiety half so good as glittering gold! Old chairs and old documents were in less relative estimation than flimsy bank paper, or any other kind of bank tokens!

But, as I have already said in another page, though liberality of feeling falls off in one place, it rises in another: and this has happened to be the case in the present instance. The *gaiety* that was slighted by uncles and cousins, was more than doubly valued amongst perfect strangers. But here it is necessary that I quit metaphor, and come to mere matter of fact. Mr. Charles Roberts, a most respectable Solicitor in Barnstaple, and a very clever man: I need only instance the public correspondence he had a few years ago with a nobleman in his own neighbourhood; wherein it did plainly appear (to me at least) that the said peer came off (as they say among the fancy) *second best!* Now this is saying a great deal in favor of Mr. Roberts; for it is probable that the peer had many *bottle-holders* to assist him during the set too, or sparring match!

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This is only an observation by the bye, merely to show my readers, that different things require different talents; and this very Mr. Roberts, actuated, I believe, by the very best motives, unfortunately made some mistakes on my account, that have been the cause of much perplexity. They have led to much trouble; but I will confine myself to the chair. The aforesaid chair was sent to Bath, and through a mistake of one branch of my family, was absolutely advertised, and sold without my consent or knowledge. Nor is this the worst of the business. The person to whom the chair was intrusted, sold it accordingly. It was paid for;—but to this time, neither I nor Mr. Roberts have ever touched one farthing of the money; and probably never shall. As to law in such cases; every prudent man who has lived long in the world, and been any thing like an observer of it, must be well aware that to run risks in affairs of law, is now considered as throwing good money away in quest of what is doubtful; and which, if successful in the point contended for, is generally attended with such expences, as to render it worse than nugatory. It is often proved that one simple law-suit may soon ruin two simple persons —namely—both plaintiff and defendant! Under these circumstances, I thus publicly declare, I shall never have courage to go to law about the matter: if Mr. Roberts can recover the property, I shall be the more obliged to him. But the person to whose care the chair was left, kept a shop in Milsom Street, Bath; and it was reported by him at the time he went away that he had got into official employ, as messenger to

the King of Holland. I shall be happy to find this true, and still more happy to find that he still thinks both of me and my chair: and if he has sufficient interest at the Dutch Court, I shall be happy to be remunerated by any good office he can procure for me! I am in appearance a good *Dutch-built*-figure! and I think I should look like, and make a very good *Burgo-master*. I should like this, or any thing else, so as a good salary is attached to it!

It has before been observed, that our tastes are formed, and sometimes firmly established, very early in life. 'Twas so at least with me: having read the usual books at schools, I got partial to the works of the poets. Pope's "Rape of the Lock" was always one of my most favorite poems: I could once repeat the whole of it; and to this moment the lovely heroine (Belinda) appears as charming as ever; and, in my fancy, the "pressed watch" retains the same "silver sound!"

"Sol through white curtains still displays his beams,
"And airy spirits prompt delightful dreams!
"Dreams of bright circles; Beaux and Belles at play;
"Of Routs and Balls as brilliant as the day!
"Where Coxcombs chatter, and fine Ladies faint,
"And both show skill in patches and in paint!
"Where some, with cards arranged in mimic-war,
"Pronounce—'Let Spades be Trumps!'—and Trumps they are!"

It must plainly appear to the reader that the last line here quoted is a parody on one of the most sublime

passages ever written. 'Tis as evident as light, from whence the idea was taken, and it need not here be more than hinted at. The passage is so neatly, and so very delicately applied, that it entirely does away with any supposed impropriety that the most scrupulous reader could object to on account of the sanctity of the illusion.

When I got more into the world, and even into a public way of life, still my taste for poetry did not leave me, as the following specimens may serve to show. I wrote what follows at Bridport in Dorsetshire.

MARIANNE.

Tho' the Poets, for ages, in numbers harmonious
Have sung of the beauties of Greece and of Rome,
Now to prove all their fine flowing praises erroneous,
A far greater beauty I'll show you at home!

With impatience you'll ask of what beauty I'm telling—
Her name I'll pronounce, and then match her who can!
'Tis not *Laura*, or *Hero*, or *Dido*, or *Helen*,
But a name more inviting—'tis sweet Marianne!

As to what has been said of the beauties celestial,
Old poets were dunces, or else told us lies:
Could they see Marianne, tho' we call her terrestrial,
They'd think her an angel just dropt from the skies.

With this damsel compared, fair *Diana's* a gipsy,
Minerva, so masculine, looks like a man;
Madam *Juno* from envy I'm sure would get tipsy,
And *Venus* turn pale, could they see Marianne!

Marianne has such magical beauty to charm you;
Such mystical influence lurks in her eye,
No dark spirit of evil has pow'r to alarm you,
No baneful event can approach when she's nigh.

Marianne is a name, too, so sweet in the sounding,
All nature appears to have join'd in the plan,
And aloud in her praise, from Earth's summits rebounding,
Fond Echo repeats—Marianne! Marianne!

MAN A MONSTER!

OR, LOVE IL PENSEROSO.

Faulkland. "What! happy and I away?—Every mirthful moment in absence, is a treason to love.

Sheridan.

How capricious are men, as the lords of the earth,
Every thought, every action will prove;
But the strangest of beings that ever had birth,
Is the man who is *really in love!*

He'd his idol engross,—nay, in social despite,
Hold her pent as in circumscribed zone;

Could he even fix bounds to the orbit of sight,
She would gladden no eyes but his own!

He oft wounds her with doubts, yet will kneel and adore—
Opes her letter—it glows with her sigh!
And what pleases him most are some words blotted o'er
By a tear-drop that fell from her eye.

Youth and beauty, 'tis said, the fierce tygers respect,
But a lover less clemency knows;
E'en the freshness of youth he deems passion's neglect,
And to coldness ascribes beauty's rose!

Yes! he likes the wan cheek where soft sorrow's exprest—
'Tis the paleness of love's anxious fear;
Views the faint languid eye—it bespeaks want of rest—
And exalts at the heart-distill'd tear!

E'en her thoughts he'd restrain with despotic control;
Not content with her beauties alone;
He would fetter each nerve, nay, imprison her soul,
To enrapture, enfranchise his own!

To the altar he leads her—the torch Hymen lights;
There the lover his bondage applies;
There his victim is bound, while he joins in the rites,
Mid the perfume, the incense of sighs!

CANDOUR;

OR, *LOVE L'ALLEGRO.*

What, love excepted, charms mankind?
An honest, generous, candid mind.
The love I value scorns control,
Its flame, the impulse of the soul!
If this my Julia cannot show,
It is but just to tell me so.

As fancy dictates, thoughts will range,
Our feelings, inclinations change:
The heavenly mandate how withstand?
Wherefore oppose its high command?
Why stamp with blame the heart that's free,
Seeking its own affinity?

Think not that hence I Julia slight,
Or hold dear woman's preference light.
Ah no!—but if by ills aggrieved,
'Tis added pain to be deceived;
And when by love and fortune crost,
'Tis nearest bliss to know the worst.

Did Julia say she could not love,
'Twould still a mark of kindness prove.
For CANDOUR, which the heart alarms,
Adds greater worth to female charms;
It notes a rectitude replete,
A detestation of deceit.

If man enslave the female mind,
It only leans as he's inclined;
The difference, then, not wide would seem
'Twixt me and those who vainly dream:
And thus the case—a few words show it—
The MIND'S THE SAME—but *I* best know it.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the previous pages of these memoirs, I endeavoured to give a brief account of the most probable origin of my scribbling propensities. Before I was eighteen years of age, I began to send verses and other articles to various periodical publications; and these procured me at times the knowing of many ingenious people, and most valuable friends. I shall only occasionally mention a few out of the great number I have met with. All persons of fifty and upwards, who were then in the habit of reading the annual diaries, may possibly remember, amongst the contributors to those pages, the assumed names of Tasso and Doctor Conundrum. About twenty years after that period, I was at Torrington in Devonshire, when a gentleman was pointed out to me as a frequent correspondent to publications of the kind alluded to. I met him one day by accident, having previously been introduced to him by our mutual friend Doctor Waldon; and after moving

my hat, spoke to him to this effect:— "Sir, I believe I have the pleasure of addressing myself to a contributor to the Ladies' Diary; I cannot say I remember seeing your name there!" "Oh! sir, (he replied) perhaps you may recollect the name of Tasso!" "Very well indeed sir!" and I immediately repeated to him some verses of his writing, which I had formerly admired, and still remembered. We became friends, and remained so till his death. His name was Colby; a sensible man, and an excellent Surgeon: he left behind him a son, who I believe still resides at Torrington, acquainted with and allied to some of the first families in the town and neighbourhood.

I will now speak further of another Diarian already mentioned, Doctor Conundrum. I had been two or three seasons in Taunton before I discovered this personage in the master of a grammar school, of first-rate importance, Mr. Henry Norris. He was a man of retired habits, and of unassuming worth:—he knew, and taught many languages,—yet never seemed to make any display of his great talents. Perhaps, many Diarians still alive, may recollect with pleasure the poetical courtship carried on between him and Miss Peggy Lugg, of Penryn in Cornwall. It delighted the readers of the Ladies' Diaries for several years, and many of them thought it matter of fact, and I was one of the number so agreeably deceived. Alas! the doctor was already married, and father of a fine family! At last, the doctor thought proper to put an end to their annual courtship, by coming to the point, and writing to the following effect. 'Tis more than

forty years since I last saw the verses, yet I remember the substance of them. They began thus—

"When our antedeluvian forefathers woo'd,
"Half a century elapsed ere their nuptials ensued;
"Nor had they much cause to be sparing of time,
"When a girl of one hundred was just in her prime!
"But now that our vigour more quickly decays,
"And a woman at forty has seen her best days!"

He then began to reason with the lady about the impropriety of going on dilly dally year after year; that it behoved them both to conclude the courtship by making up the match! That his attachment was so sincere, time could not abate it! so disinterested, that though poor himself, if possessed of her, he should be rich beyond expression! if others boasted of pearls, he would proudly display her teeth! if they talked of diamonds, he would gladly point out the brilliancy of her eyes! and he most earnestly entreated her not to delay the match any longer, lest he should be under the necessity of hobbling to church with crutches, and obliged to rock the cradle with gouty feet! Alas! how uncertain are all sublunary joys! Poor dear lady! the unfortunate Miss Peggy was suddenly informed, that the sighing and too insinuating doctor was a married man!! What afterwards befel, remains unknown! The love-sick lady's wedding garments were laid aside with the old almanacks that bore witness of the long continued courtship!

BURR.

EXTRACTED FROM A TALE CALLED

"THE MANAGER."

The Epic Poets, one and all,
Apologize,
And frequently tautologize,
When great things they compare with small.
'Twas HOMER'S way, and VIRGIL'S too;
There's no exception due
To any of the tribe
When this their drift,
From MILTON* down to that great scribe
Who wrote TOM HICK-A-THRIFT!
Thus, of the same necessity aware—
Thus circumscribed the Muse is to a tittle,
When now she would compare
Small things to great, or great with little.
So BURR, as Manager, our hero here;
A great man figured—in a little sphere!
His province weak, and narrow, to be sure,
Yet still a world in minature!
And he a king, "in little," might be term'd;—

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* "So, if great things to small may be compared,
"Xerxes, the liberties of Greece to yoke, &c,"

Vide, also, b. 6. v. 311.—Ditto, b. 2. v. 921.—Again, Par. Regained, b. 4. v. 563.—Par. Lost, b. 10. v, 306.

But if the truth must be affirm'd,
BURR, tho' a king, too weak or wise might be
To rule, or to be ruled, by ministry;
His whole affairs he managed for himself;
And in *finance*, took care to—touch the pelf;
Nor thought it trouble;—tho' a despot he;
Few authors shook,
Or feared his look,
His sway was of inferior degree:
His only claim
Provincial name,
Not that of Grand Imperial PATENTEE!
Professions, trades—whene'er the plan
Is Metropolitan,
Are kept distinct;—there, plumbers are not glaziers;
Nor tin-men thought synonymous with braziers;
A town solicitor is not a proctor;
Nor is an *accoucheur* a doctor!
But in the country titles are less fix'd,
And occupations indistinctly mix'd:
Tho' here, with great respect, we often see
The regular legitimate M.D.
Yet *others* take that name, who *doubly* deal;
And many a hack,
Or village quack,
Is *Doctor* dubb'd, perhaps M.D. indorses,
Whether he pulse, or pill, or pestle feel,
Physic the cows, cut corns, or drench the horses!
Just so, a veteran Manager's tenacities;
He's *tout-à-fait* to all, in all capacities!
Poet and prompter, architect and artist;

Dramatic dabbler in high fun and facts;
A diadem-disposing *Bonapartist;*
And oft a *Nero*-fiddler* 'tween the acts!
'Twould be a loss of time—a waste of words,
Should we such acting and transacting utter;
'Twere offering whey to those who ask for curds,
Or giving butter-milk in lieu of butter!
But as to manager—we'll add but this,
Since in dilemma got;
Instead of saying what he is,
We'll say what he is *not;*
He is not deaf, the public wish averred;
He is not blind—to kindnesses conferred;
He's not ungrateful---neither are his actors,
Who with indulgence seen and heard,
To speak, to sing or dance, are not deterred,
When 'tis the pleasure of their benefactors.

The candour of his friends, BURR could appreciate;
He knew full well
How favor to propitiate;
And oft, to make a scene the better *tell,*
Would introduce a Veteran, or Noviciate!
His only aim to merit praise,
And please each varying taste, by varied lays.

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* NERO the despotic EMPEROR OF ROME, was very fond of Fiddling; and is said to have amused himself with his Fiddle, while the City was in flames.

I am aware that I shall lay myself open to much remark, if not ridicule, by making the following observations; but the man who has not courage to run the risk of such remarks, he can never stand much chance of doing any good by his writings, and therefore he may as well throw his pen aside, and remain silent.

I shall not at first be understood when I assert that every human being, (even babies), all creatures that draw the breath of life, are in their actions practical logicians, even when they know not the term *logic*, and are quite unconscious of what is meant by *reason*, or any of its consequences. Animals in general are governed by what we call *instinct*; (for want of a better term.) We really know little or nothing of what is meant by instinct, and yet for the chief purposes of life and especially as far as tends to the preservation of life, this very instinct, which animals possess, appears to be a more certain guide, than the reason which man is so proud of: instinct is a much surer guardian than reason, and more to be depended upon:—besides reason never comes till called for, and then is too often slow in its proceedings; or perhaps is when most wanted "Sometimes not near" "While honest instinct comes a volunteer." So says that very agreeable dramatist Mr. Reynolds: agreeable! why should I not use a stronger term? I cannot; for in my opinion, to act, or write in an agreeable manner, so as to make people happy and contented with each other, is the best and most powerful mode of conveying truth to mankind, and ought to be the chief study of our species; for as the same pen very pleasantly pleads the case,

and most forcibly advocates the cause of mirth, and good humour, at all times, and on all occasions. We should never neglect our duties to each other, but endeavour as he forcibly says, to

"——Diffuse life's joys around,
"Nor cloud the sunshine that's so seldom found:
"For since misfortune is the lot of man,
"Smile while you may, be happy when you can!"

But my being thus inclined to mirth, is straying from the subject I set out with,—*so* partial to a laugh, I am leaving my logic, which was about to show that even brute animals, with their natural instincts, have something in them that agrees and comports with the principles and philosophy of Locke; as well as being consistent with the rules of logic! The animal selected shall be the one most marked for innocence—the lamb, and in order to have a pure witness we will instance a simple shepherd. He will tell you, that in yeaning time, as soon as the lamb drops from the ewe, she by her natural attentions and assiduities, enables it to rise from the ground, and by placing herself in a convenient position the lamb by its natural restlessness, or, say by the instinct of some feeling, or *want*, soon finds the teat which supplies *this want*, and the animal is strengthened in consequence: after this, something like *reason* takes place. The young animal satisfied with the nourishment thus procured, repeats the practice as oft as similar wants and feelings return, or prompt it to the same kind of actions. Bye and by, its wants increase, and its means of supplying those

additional wants are taught by the mother, nibbling the grass, &c. which *naturally imitates the lamb.*

In order to illustrate this, we'll go back as far as Jacob! and now please to "Mark what Jacob did!" He saw one of his innocent particoloured lambs fall from its unsophisticated dam. The mother with all possible care and attention did of herself—for there were no pastoral accoucheurs, or wet-nurses—She doubtless exerted her best means of assisting and raising her offspring from the ground, and placed herself so as it might provide for its own wants; the young simple animal, prompted by its own inherent and instinctive impulses nozled about until it found what was most agreeable to its feelings and most conducive to the gratification of the desire thus excited. But it may be asked what has this to do with logical conclusions? I answer thus —An old proverb tells us that "One man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink!" So, by the lamb here mentioned: had it not liked the sustenance thus placed in its way, the young creature would have refused it, and have died; but by liking and taking it, the life of the lamb is preserved and sustained.

Now here are two logical results from the same acts which I hope are sufficiently satisfactory: showing how animals act logically, though they know nothing of scholastic Syllogizms, never notice Aristotle's argumentative researches: never puzzle themselves about Plato, nor ever thought of the Athenean peripatetics!

This may serve as a simple instance of the kind of instinct and reason which animals possess, in common

with man: but as man's power of learning more ex-
pands with his years he avails himself of what his fel-
men, by the previous inventions of *signs, characte*
and other means, have so improved their intellectu
faculties as to raise themselves greatly above all oth
animals. This perhaps never could have been t
case, if these artificial signs and characters, had n
enabled man to transmit to posterity the wisdom
his contemporaries. Now on a former occasion
have endeavoured to show, that as these signs and cha-
racters (arbitrary tokens) are made with our *hand*
and *fingers*,—this facility has greatly tended to the
improvement of our species: as much perhaps as any
other cause. Not that I would insinuate that other
causes are not to be found. Man merely as an animal
is in many respects greatly superior to all others. The
brain is ascertained to be the seat of thought; and, in
this respect, he is (considering his size) allowed to
surpass all other animals in texture and quantity of
brain. And though what may be termed the intel-
lectual powers of other animals, are often improved by
aid of man: yet animals themselves, seldom improve
each other, beyond what accident, or their own natural
wants induce them to put in practice: and then, with
the life of the individual animal, the practice is at an
end, and his fellow brutes do not appear wiser or
better, from the examples they have had before them.

As to instinct being a more certain guide than rea-
son: I am told (though I cannot vouch for the truth
of it) that brute animals as well as birds never eat
what is poisonous, unless 'tis disguised by the art of

man, or mixed with what they the said animals are very fond of. Nay further, they seldom either eat or drink so much as to injure themselves; unless they are by man, at times, kept too long without food, or too much indulged, so as to be sophisticated. But as far as regards instinct it is such an indefinite term I shall not endeavour to explain what is often meant by it. (Falstaff says, he is a "coward upon instinct!" In fact tis a word generally used where our knowledge stops, and, therefore in this place, no more need be said about it.

In our progress through life many circumstances occur that are worthy of remark, though not of such consequence, as to go much into the detail of them: there are also many characters that deserve notice, so as to afford some degree of utility or amusement by their oddities and singular habits of life. The following is a sketch of one, who was once a particular acquaintance of mine, who is still alive, though perhaps he may not know the likeness even when it is laid before him. But he must not be displeased at reading what I once thought of him

THIS WAS HIS CHARACTER.

Motley (my old friend) is an heterogeneous, hotchpotch! a composition and concentration of incongruities! a new edition of "The art of conjuring" bound with "The Age of reason." "Political justice" sewed up with "Pilgrim's Progress!" "Paradise Lost," and Dean Swift's "Maw-wallop!" A mixture of bigotry and incredulity; sublimity, electricity, and

divinity. Principles orthodoxical, paradoxical, theoretical, practical, equivocal, prophetical, heretical, and ecclesiastical: a compound of monarchism, republicanism, fanaticism, libertinism, and methodism. Miraculous, yet incredulous! full of inspiration, elucidation, and mystification! made up of rough and smooth mathematics, and metaphisical compounds, political contrasts, and Jesuitical controversy. John Hobbs, John Locke, and John Wesley: Doctor Franklin, Doctor Priestly and Doctor Johnson; all mixed together like the compound doses of many medical doctors; and to be taken with or without advice, whenever most agreeable!

All persons who have any concern in the management of theatres, and even those who have been strictly observant of what has passed respecting them, must be well aware, that within the last thirty or forty years, great changes have taken place in the public taste; and consequently a different mode of proceeding is now required, in order to give general satisfaction. It is unnecessary to question whether the present taste is right or wrong; and it is difficult to ascertain how public taste is formed? but such as it is it will be, and the managers of theatres, have only to comply with the most prevailing opinions of the day: for as Sheridan wittily and sarcastically observes, that "people will go to theatres principally for their amusement." As far as regards the metropolis, it is a national concern; and England would sink in the estimation of enlightened foreigners, if its public amusements did not keep pace with those of other nations. They ought to do

so; and I should be sorry, for the credit of my country, if this idea was lost sight of. These observations are meant for the meridian of London, and other great theatres: but it is improper, unjust, and something like cruelty, for persons to carry with them these ideas, when they enter the walls of country theatres. If reason had any weight in the case it might be asked of a box auditor—can you expect at your own door in the country, for three or four shillings, as good articles as would cost you six or seven in London? nay, perhaps distant carriage included, sixteen or seventeen shillings? further, still; it can be easily proved, that at Drury-lane Theatre, or at Covent Garden, as much money is often taken by the managers in *one night*, as can be taken in one whole *year* in many a country theatre. For a year (or season) in the country, may not be more than twenty or thirty nights (cannot legally be more than sixty!) whereas in the great London theatres they can, and sometimes do play nearly three hundred nights! Need more than this be said to prove how unreasonable it is to name at the same time establishments so very different? Indeed the wonder is how the performances are ever done with that degree of credit, and respectability, as may be frequently witnessed in various country theatres.

There is another draw-back which operates in a prejudicial way against the interests of country theatres,—I mean *first impressions*: new pieces are generally brought out in London; and the public opinion is formed of them, before they are seen in other parts of the kingdom. The first impression is the strongest

and each scene, character, dress, and the personal figure, modes and habits of all persons concerned; these are all mixed up with the first representations of all dramatic performances; and they influence not only the auditors, but even all on the stage, and all the best judges of stage amusements. Nor is this influence of a temporary nature; it stamps the character of each piece for ever! goes down to posterity in the same way: we all have our judgments formed in the like manner, and on the same principles, though we may possibly be ignorant of being so influenced, or biassed.

A familiar instance or two, may perhaps explain this bias better than serious argument. We will only mention the School for Scandal.—Every character in the piece, first received its peculiar bias from its original representative; and hundreds who never saw Mr. King, are pretty sure of seeing something of Mr. King's manner, whenever they see *Sir Peter Teazle* on the stage: it is much the same with all other parts we see done. The authors draw the outlines, and form the leading characteristics; but the peculiar, and personal qualities of the original performer go down to posterity, as a necessary and absolute portion of the said character.

LEGISLATION.

I believe the text in the Scripture is thus—"There is a time for all things!" 'tis one of the proverbs of Solomon. I refer to this for the purpose of justifying the following remarks, in order to add my humble mite towards the conviction of mankind, that the true art of legislation is in watching the turns of the times, and putting into execution such measures and establishing such doctrines, as best accord with the most prevailing opinions of all the wisest and best men of the age. Even good institutions cannot be carried into useful effect, nor be considered as firmly established: but by the exercise of sound judgment, and in accordance with what is passing in neighbouring districts, and different quarters of the globe: consequently a great deal must depend on what is generally termed chance; (though some philosophers maintain that there is no chance-work existing! Perhaps not): the word is used as meaning only that happy combination of circumstances which lead to the most important events, and, on the other hand where the want of such combination may as often retard them; and thus frustrate the best endeavours of the best intentioned men. Where so much depends on what is here denominated chance; and from the want of proper and accurate information it is always very difficult to give any thing like sound opinions on public matters, or political characters! No man in private life, can go beyond conjecture, as to what is right, or wrong, in all national

affairs. Perhaps the most trifling incidents - the change of the wind or weather, may be the means of separating or bringing together certain persons on whom the welfare of nations are at that particular moment depending. But hold! this is a path without end, if we chose to pursue it; we will only advert in a general way, to the chances that brought about the great changes in America, France, and the rest of the world during the two last wars.

First, as to America! It is pretty generally admitted, that (setting aside all the leading causes that brought on the American war) the commencement of it was in a great measure under the influence of three persons, who differed greatly as to the extent of their wishes, as well as to the best way of carrying those wishes into practice. I think it was at the beginning of the grand struggle in France, that Thomas Paine addressed himself to General Fayette thus—"We at that time used to think alike but differed in our notions of carrying our measures into execution. I was for doing it at once, for fear our enemies should perceive what we aimed at, and destroy our plans before we could securely establish them!" Thus while Paine advocated hasty measures; Fayette was for some little delay and then determination and dispatch. General Washington was for a still more cautious method of proceeding, and, but for the judicious union of the three men, and their three systems they perhaps would not have succeeded in their object. It appeared pretty evident afterwards (during the French Revolution) that Washington's mind did not keep up, with the changes that were taking place; and however serviceable he had

been in the early stages of revolutionary liberty, he had in him too much of the *old leven;* which would have very soon restored old abuses, if more active spirits had not been at hand, to secure what was victoriously achieved. Since that period there certainly has been at times relaxations of spirit; something approaching he want of ardour, or public wish, in various parts of America—a deficiency in the display of love, or anxiety for the cause of true liberty, which might have been expected, and which indeed ought to have shown itself more decidedly.

But as respects America at the present time, perhaps the change, if any, may be accounted for by the first patriots and friends to the system, dropping off by degrees in the course of nature, and their places filled by men less improved or less ardent; and hence the progress of knowledge has, for a time at least, been impeded: nay, it may be said to have in some degree retrogaded; for the course of freedom and civilization seldom stands still; it is generally on the move, either backward or forward; but eventually it is most certain of moving forward. But the chief occupations of the Americans, the part of the globe they inhabit, and their commercial transactions, all tend to give their minds a turn very different from those of their kindred in this part of the world.

At the first starting, such a character as Washington possibly was as necessary as the other two; but he did not sufficiently alter his views with the new state of things; and he appeared to have become indifferent to the cause of general liberty as it regarded Europe and the world at large; nay, he was somewhat more

than luke-warm in the causes of both his former colleagues,—Paine and Fayette. The one 'tis thought was rather slighted on account of his free religious opinions: But the Marquis is still living, and the honors that have been lately shown him by his grateful countrymen, must have afforded the highest satisfaction to his benevolent and truly patriotic heart.

All that precedes this page was written several months since, and the honors done to General Fayette, alluded to the great encomiums that were lavished on him in Paris, at the banquet to which he was invited more than a year ago: since then the French people have honored themselves by freely calling him forward as their legitimate, and most illustrious sovereign! and it is to be hoped that the whole of Europe, will soon feel the benefits likely to ensue, from the enlightened proceedings of the citizens of Paris, during the late period, the summer of 1830.

Since the time of Paine, many attempts have been made to realize his fears; but hitherto in vain; a violent and most unprincipled attempt of that kind, has lately occurred in Paris, but good sense was roused into action, and virtue triumphed. The imperious and ignorant minister, Polignac—for in the present times 'tis downright ignorance to suppose that common men have not common sense; and let such wise men as he fancies himself—let them be told that hundreds of honest people in private stations know their duties as well as he does, and perform them a great deal better.

Let it be observed that when the government of any country is founded on the principles of wisdom,

virtue, and honor, it is of little consequence, whether the individual who governs, be called *King*, *Prince*, *Emperor*, or *President*: perhaps the shortest is the best, as there is less trouble in writing or printing it. But is it not strange that more than *forty years* of warfare have been necessary to convince mankind of this one simple truth?

My old friend Mr. Shatford, who was a remarkably bulky man during the latter part of his life, was, when I first knew him in Northamptonshire, very slender and had been known much thinner than at the time I became acquainted with him; indeed he was quite of a stripling appearance when he first joined Mr. Watson's company at Cheltenham. Mr. Watson was himself a clever man, but he was not a match for Shatford in ready wit, and a happy method of felicitous expression, so as to please all who heard him. One night the play was "Hamlet;" which part was acted by Watson the manager: Shatford played "Horatio:" and by wrapping himself in what is usually called a camblet fly, he doubled the character of the player King: Hamlet it will be recollected, gives instructions to the player, as to the manner how some speeches ought to be spoken; Watson felt a little piqued by Shatford soon convincing the audience that he could speak a good deal better than what the Prince, could, who was then instructing him. This made the manager

try to raise a laugh against Shatford, who had so much pleased the audience by his good delivery. Hamlet goes on by asking "How theatricals are supported in the city of Denmark?" It ought to be here premised that the English companies then were generally on sharing plans. The performers were not then on weekly salaries: but the whole receipts of each night were divided after this manner: the manager took four shares (called "dead shares)" for the use of his property in scenes, &c. as well as one share for his services as an actor; and thus he received five shares, exclusive of all the other expenses! such as rent of the building, lights, play-bills, &c., therefore it was reckoned pretty fair sharing, if each actor got a shilling in the pound: that is, if for every ten pounds taken he got ten shillings. Even this to a stranger, may seem too little for the actor's share, but there are numerous expences which the public seldom think of; and as a general maxim it may be proved, that not half, perhaps not one-third of all the monies taken, can ever, with justice be expected by the performers of any regular theatre. The greater and better the establishment, the less money the performers receive (generally speaking) in proportion to the general receipts. This consideration is very mortifying to men of genius and great talent; whether as proprietors, authors, managers, actors, musicians or artists. But however mortifying, I am sorry to say it cannot be avoided; unless the public will lead the way, by restraining imprudent speculations, and confining themselves within the bounds of what is sufficiently liberal, and at the same time, reason-

able, intelligent and just. These observations are now introduced for the purpose of explaining the situation in which Mr. Watson stood as manager of a *sharing company* of comedians: an unpleasant situation and a very precarious one; consequently the uncertainty attending it, renders the speculation little better than that of a state lottery; and no truly prudent man will embark in the trade. At the moment we were just speaking of Mr. Watson, in order to mortify Shatford, (at that very time, as before observed, quite a stripling) the manager took him to the front part of the stage, and turned him round so as to draw the attention of the audience: then speaking with the dignified tone and manner of Prince Hamlet, Watson observed—"Why my young friend, I fear theatricals are not so much encouraged now, as they were formerly, when I knew the city. Say, is that the case? You look very thin, and more like a skeleton, then a well fed actor!" (Here he again turned poor Shatford round, so as to make the audience laugh at his very thin appearance!) Shatford's feelings at the moment were intense: his eyes sparkled with fire, but he preserved his calmness, and bowed with apparent dignified respect. The manager (Hamlet) then went on saying—"Speak, my young friend, am I right? Is bad business the cause of your looking so very thin, and chop-fallen? "No, my good lord, (replied Shatford, bowing) that is not the case at present:—I thank your *Highness* for making the inquiry; but the truth is this: The public, at large, have been very liberal, very kind indeed; and lately our business has been excellent: but we have got a sad

rogue of a manager, who keeps nearly all the money to himself, and more than half starves his performers!"

At these words the whole house was in a roar of laughter; while Watson, as brazen-faced a man as ever lived, looked confused and absolutely confounded: *even he* could not (for the time) obtain sufficient nerve or power to speak one sentence more; and thus the scene dropt amidst the deafening shouts and plaudits of all parts of the Theatre.

There was not an actor in the company, but what had occasionally been made a butt of, by the manager, for the sole purpose of unfairly shooting his wit at him: therefore Shatford's successful hits on this occasion were rejoiced at by one and all. Twenty years afterwards, I knew one that was present when the circumstance occurred. This was a very useful actor, and a worthy man; his name was Shutter. He related to me the particulars of this case; and added another jest somewhat similar, and that took place on the same evening. Mr. Shatford (as before observed) performed not only the *Player King*, but the part of *Horatio*: therefore he did not let slip the opportunity of having another slap at the *Manager's Hamlet*!

As the play is now generally done, 'tis well known, that *Horatio* speaks the tag; which is the *technical* phrase for the last lines of any play. Now this business of tagging the play being in the hands of Shatford, he thus proceeded. Hamlet was, as is usual, dressed in black, and had some glittering ornaments, such as the Danish order of knighthood, and other trinkets, to decorate his personal and characteristic costume.

The said ornaments were suspended by small gold and silver cords, and hung at his breast: in his last struggling fight with Laertes, the ornaments on Hamlet's dress became entangled with his sword-belt; the cords were broken, and just as he was breathing his last sigh, the said ornaments fell on the stage. Shatford (as Horatio) looked sorrowful and said—"There *crack'd* the *cordage* of a noble heart!" "Good night *sweet Prince!*" (raising his handkerchief as if to weep, but in reality to avoid the potent effluvia of the "*Poisoned Cup!*" still half full of hot brandy and water. "Good night! (said he) and heavenly *spirits* lull thee to repose!" Thus ended Shakspeare's sublime tragedy, acted in this most powerful and truly spirited manner!

SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS,

ANECDOTES,

REMARKS AND REMINISCENCES.

I have spoken of managers in other places, and there never perhaps was one more eccentric, more truly humorous, than the one I first saw; namely, Mr. Whitely. He for many years was the manager at the principal towns in the midland counties: Derby, Nottingham, Northampton, Lincoln, Leicester, &c. I believe Mr Whitely (with the exception of myself) built more Theatres than any other manager in the kingdom. But

he was more prudent than I have been. Building too then was less expensive than it has been ever since: besides, Mr. Whitely had the address to get the public to build Theatres for him, and left them under his own direction. Now I have not been blessed with such powers of persuasion; I have all my life been so dull as to build Theatres for myself! Mr. Whitely's plan was much the best. But now for a story about him, which was told me long before he died, and which story was, I believe, founded on fact. He was one night performing the character of "Macbeth:" 'tis the stage-keeper's duty to have a little *blood (rose pink and water)* ready in the chamber where Macbeth goes to murder Duncan! But in short, the whole must be done as quickly as possible. The moment came for Macbeth to commit the direful deed! He hastily entered and inquired—"Where's the blood?—the blood!" "Lord, sir, (said his servant, a simple fellow) I beg your pardon, sir, but I quite forgot it, I have not got any blood ready!" "Yes, you have, you rascal; I see a *bottle* full!" The poor man stared wildly about, and said "Where, sir?" "There, fellow! (was the reply) giving the man a violent knock on his enormous *red nose!* The blood spouted out—Macbeth besmeared his hands and daggers with it, and again rushed on the stage. The stage-keeper behind the scenes roared out with pain "Oh! Oh! Oh!" the audience thought they heard the dying groans of Duncan in his bed; great applause followed; and nineteen out of twenty declared they never before saw the scene so *naturally* represented!

Perhaps it may be scarcely necessary to remind the reader, (especially one in the least acquainted with what was passing on the stage forty years ago) that a most material change has taken place with regard to musical taste, and all kinds of musical capabilities. Formerly, if a man had a good voice, it was sufficient; it gave general satisfaction, however defective the singer might be in musical knowledge. Mr. Incledon was in this state of estimation when I first knew him at Salisbury, Devizes, and other places,; all were pleased with him. Salisbury is quite a musical city; no better judges of music than many of the inhabitants of Salisbury; and yet, at that time, all were so charmed with his voice, they never grumbled in the least at his want of science. But now-a-days, a man, however good his voice, if deficient either in science or taste, he is not only slighted, but absolutely laughed at: and this too, by scores, who, though not skilled themselves, yet having learned to strum a little on the piano-forte, imagine they display their own superior powers, by laughing at what they witness before them. This conduct is meant to convey an idea that they are too refined to be pleased with ordinary singing. This being the prevailing taste, it makes the situation of a country manager very distressing; he cannot obtain fine singers; or, if he is so fortunate as to get a pretty good one, he cannot long keep him: for the large Theatres (in London and other places) have not half the musical strength which they generally require.

These observations are here made, in order to prepare for some incidents that may possibly follow.

We had with us many years in the Salisbury company, a Mrs. Curtis. She had sustained the *first singing line* at Exeter, Weymouth, and Plymouth: she had a pretty good and powerful voice; but latterly she grew *very lusty.*

When the "Tempest" was got up at Salisbury, she was cast *Ariel,* on account of the singing. It will be recollected that the piece (as altered by Dryden) ends with a view of the sea, with Neptune and Amphitrite, &c. near the front of it. The spirit Ariel is discovered in the clouds, who concludes by singing the following song.

> Where the Bee sucks, there lurk I,
> In the Cowslip's Bell I lie!

"Bell! in a bell!" (said an Irishman seated at the bottom of the pit) "Lurk in a bell! Then, by jingo, it must have been the great Tom of Lincoln, for no other bell could half cover you!"

Having thus spoken, of the wife, (who died at Barnstaple,) I must not entirely omit the mention of her husband: they were both with me many years. By the bye, let me observe, I was twenty years on the stage before I ever witnessed the death of an actor or actress in any company where I happened to be a member. This made me once use a very *coarse expression;* though I did not at the time, nor do I now, mean the least shadow of harm by it. The expression was—that—'Tis as uncommon to see a dead actor, as a dead jackass! I never saw the *latter* to this day! (Did the reader ever see one?) 'Tis not a common

sight: and yet it is certain that poor *donkies* die, and so do poor *actors!* But we will not talk of the dead, —I wish to be *lively;* therefore we will talk of Curtis, who, I believe, is still alive, and living at Weymouth. The last I heard of him, was through the medium of a gentleman of Dorchester, who meeting him by chance on the *esplanade* — said — "Ah! Curtis, do you now live here?" "No sir (he replied) I starve here!" "Why, how's that?" "I can't tell *how* sir; but such is the case!" What is the case? "A very bad one, as a doctor would say; but as I cannot afford to pay a doctor, I shall walk here by the sea side every morning for a breakfast!" "Before breakfast, I suppose you mean!" "No, sir; I mean as I said; I have walked to the end of the *beach*, and am this far back again; so I have more than half breakfasted!" "What have you breakfasted upon!" "On *gravel soup*, sir! 'tis a rough diet; but I am used to it! Good morning, sir!" "Stop, Mr. Curtis. You don't mean to say that you have taken only your *walk* for breakfast?" "Oh, no sir; I have just indulged myself with a treat!" "What might that be!" "A pint of salt water, sir!—'Tis that keeps me in good walking condition!—If I was not old, I should now do for what we used to call the *sticks*, or *walking gentlemen!* Good morning, sir!" Saying this, he hitched up his clothes in his usual manner, and shuffled off.

His style was always in the plain, blunt, dry method: somewhat sarcastic, but not ill-natured. As an *actor* of little parts, he was always punctual, and therefore useful: but he never spoke more than half a dozen or

ten lines of good language, for which reason Shatford always called him *Demosthenes*, or the *great Demosthenes!* The boys about the Theatre thought that his proper christian name, and at all times saluted him with the dignified appellation of "Mr. *Dim-musty-knees Curtis!*"

It cannot have entirely escaped the notice of all the persons likely to have cast their eyes over these rambling and heterogeneous pages, that nearly all ranks of men have particular modes of thinking, acting, and conducting themselves; as well as particular habits, likings and dislikings, which they cannot reasonably account for—or rather they will not give these habits that sort of attention which may be necessary to ascertain their apparent absurdity, or their real value.

I will just hint at a few trifles: my old friend Shatford, though a man of such good sense and practical talent, as he has been here described, had many of these unaccountable whims to contend with. He had at all times an utter dislike to umbrellas: would maintain that none but effeminate coxcombs used them; and would get wet to the skin sooner than hoist one over his head. During the early part of his life, he was obliged to dress according to the fashion; generally wore very good clothes, but seldom properly put on or consistent one with another. He would dress himself in such apparel as might happen to fall in his

way: always partial to clean and fine linen; but his shirts had on them large frills, and deep ruffles at the hands, even after such things had got out of fashion. You might see him about ten in the morning at breakfast: but oftener about eleven or twelve. Perhaps he would read the newspaper and write half a dozen letters while under the hands of the barber: always turning and twisting about, with—"Haven't you done? confound it! how slow you are." Then he'd often rise from his seat, before he was half shaved; the lather still on his cheeks and his chin still bleeding: "Come why don't you finish," (he'd say) sitting down again to be powdered, though without gown or cloth, and in his best black coat just brought home from the tailor's shop. As soon as this process was over—his shoulders covered with pomatum and powder, he would put on perhaps, a handsome cocked hat, with a silver loop and gold tassels, then tie round his neck one of Mrs. Shatford's coarse blue coloured calico handkerchiefs: then with spangled waistcoat, satin small-clothes, white or peach blossom silk stockings; he'd draw over them his new top-boots, or slip on his red morocco slippers; and off he'd march to the theatre or more probably into the shops of some poulterers, or pastry cooks, to purchase seasonable rarities for himself and friends at dinner, not forgetting good wine, excellent spirits, and choice fruits for the dessert.

Mr. Curtis had as much dislike to *walking sticks*, as Shatford had to umbrellas; and he thought it puppyish to wear *belts* or *braces*. This often gave him the awkward habit of shuffling, or hitching up, or sus-

taining with his hands, such parts of his dress as required it; especially when he shuffled off as already noticed. One night he was playing *Old Marlow* in "She stoops to conquer." In the act where he and Hardcastle, are in the back scene listening to what was passing in the front; Curtis seemed very impatient and painfully distressed: at length placing his hands as before described he cried—"Oh! oh!—Charles! Charles! I can *hold* no longer." and off he shuffled as if bearing the *burden* of his pain in a manner most inexpressibly comical! The audience thought it very funny, and the scene ended amidst roars of laughter. Whether his *acting* was appropriate, or, *seemingly necessary!* I cannot say.

Though mentioned before, it may be observed again, that the preceding chapters of these Memoirs were written at Bath, during my convalescence about a year ago; and having been so long a manager myself, I thought it proper to begin saying something about others: so I actually wrote enough matter to fill more than a dozen pages under the head of "*Managers!*" But what is become of the manuscript at present, I cannot say; in fact, I have *lost the managers:* and the only method I can now have recourse to, is to relate *anecdotes* of them, in the order, and at such times, as they may occur to me. This circumstance will, perhaps, account for the desultory style in which these pages are written, and may serve to denote the character of the writer. A modern author (a *conjuror* of course!) has maintained that a man's

character may be always ascertained by his hand-writing. Now if the appeal is made to the Printer, I am afraid that my character will be a bad one, and yet he will say, that when I take sufficient trouble to write plainly he can make out my meaning very well. Now this illustrates the conjuror's aphorism :—it plainly means that I am, at times, a very careless, slovenly fellow! and, let me add, a very irregular one !—yet, probably this mode of conduct is the most natural; for life itself, especially the life of a man in a public situation, is a jumble of *inconsistencies;* a circle, or regular round, of regular-irregularities: therefore, I come to the position we set out with, that the *character* of the *individual* is described by his hand writing; nay, as far as regards myself, it is in accordance with, and descriptive of, the whole actions of my life: for from my cradle, I was always trying to do, whatever I saw done by others. A sort of monkey-talent, with perhaps the appearance of equal sagacity: I say appearance, because few men can do what many monkies can; and monkies generally do them better than many men can; that is, with more ability and less risk. I have seen and taken pleasure in seeing the tricks of monkies on a rope; but I never saw the rope-tricks of man-monkies, (or monkey-esses) without feeling some degree of pain at their various risks, tossings, and tumblings. In order to sooth my fears, and allay the poignancy of my feelings, I have sometimes looked in the faces of such dexterous performers, and by a little stretch of the fancy, I have imagined them of the ape, or monkey species! and by so doing, my fears for the moment have been allayed,

and my fancy somewhat tickled by their *real* assurance and *assumed* importance! as well as by their whimsical turnings and windings, their apparently *profound* profundities, and their seemingly conceited comicalities!!

SKETCHES,

WANDERING THOUGHTS, &c.

As I approach towards the end of these Memoirs, my difficulties increase;—impressed with a desire to be grateful, I find my greatest obligations are due to the public at large; therefore, to particularly express my thanks to any one part of that public, would be somewhat like slighting the other; and to speak in detail, would either be insufferably tedious, or might appear like insincerity, common-place cant, or mere words of course! Besides, every town has its peculiar characteristics and localities; and these are altering every day, with the circumstances of the times. We all know that towns and cities consist of houses and streets, regularly or irregularly built: In this respect all towns are alike; but the interests of those towns and the interests, thoughts and feelings of the inhabitants alter and are as various as the various circumstances that are continually taking place. These changes are often brought about by causes that the unobserving part of mankind are blind to; but any man upwards of forty, if he will only turn his thoughts to the subject,—he cannot fail—that is, if he has in his

head one perfect eye, and two distinct ideas, he cannot fail of noticing the truth of the following observations: namely, that in addition to the causes of changes in former times, the improvement of roads, the quick conveyances from one part of the kingdom to another, (and, of course, the rapid communication of thought) these altogether have recently produced, and are still producing such changes as no man can well think of without feelings of respect, admiration and delight.

Now only for one moment let us notice *speed* in travelling: (observe, though I do not advocate speed beyond the point of safety;) for in one sense, there is more danger in slow than in quick travelling: you are for a longer time exposed to *risk;* the longer the period of *risk*, the greater the chance of *accident*, and there is also an increased and prolonged probability of your guide (whether pilot, coachman, or driver) there is greater hazard of his spirits being exhausted by length of time and fatigue, and his consequent liability to sleep. On the other hand speed enforces attention and alertness, and these in point of safety, more than counterbalance the evils and probable results of *slow* travelling. Again, only suppose that a man, forty years ago, started from Exeter; he was forty-eight hours before he got to London: he may now perform the journey in half the time; of course there are twenty-four hours saved: well, let the same speedy progress be observed in *returning* to Exeter, and twenty-four hours more are saved. (Two whole days and nights) Now supposing this man had no business or desire to stop on the road, may he not, on his seating himself

in his own house at Exeter, may he not say to himself —"Well I have by this speed in travelling saved two days; consequently if I die on the 28th. of this month, I shall be as well off, as if (in former times) I had lived until the 30th." I leave out of the question all considerations whether or not the two days are spent rightly, usefully, or rationally. The majority of men, I fear, make such bad use of their time, that two days are of little importance; and perhaps the hours spent in a coach, or in sleep, are the least objectionable hours, during their whole existence.

The argument here, is only in favor of speed, as far as it can be had without increasing the evil chances arising from common accidents. Some follies are in my opinion, not only pleasing but rational; provided they cause no immediate evil nor pave the way to any regretful consequences. While speaking thus of travelling, I may take the liberty of going where I please; I'll skip to another part of the world and mention GENERAL BURGOYNE. I know little about this once celebrated General, further than what was said in the public prints. At my first coming on the stage, I heard mention of him by Lord Sandwich, and others who knew him intimately: his comedy of "The Heiress" is the chief cause of his being noticed here. I know not whether it is in common with all other scribblers, but when certain circumstances or names, come to my recollection, I cannot help saying something about them, I fix on them, and feel as some other men perhaps feel on seeing any particular verse, or text. It suggests ideas that may possibly lead to other things very different or

little thought of at the first setting out. The comedy of "The Heiress" is a masterly performance: I know many better acting plays, and 'tis now seldom done; but any man who knows the world may find great pleasure in the attentive perusal of it. The author (the General) was one of those who, as a public man, had *to oppose* measures, which, as a private man he applauded. It is an unpleasant situation, and one which must oft happen to men, who have any thing to do with public affairs, and under similar circumstances. There were various opinions about the General's conduct at that time, but I believe it is now universally admitted that he acted properly, liberally, and for the *best*, like a wise, brave, and honest man.

Should any well intentioned writer form an idea of exerting his skill, and such talents as he may happen to possess, in the cause of truth and justice; with the modest hope of improving the forms and institutions of society, so, as in his opinion, might tend to remove error, and eventually confer benefits on his fellow men. Let him reflect only for a few moments, and he will perceive that his worldly interests are all at stake: that he cannot proceed for ten pages,—nor, on some subjects, not even for ten lines,—without getting into difficulties and dangers, that were little imagined,—and without risking his future fame as a man, a moralist, or as a member of society. Yes, the writing of ten honest truths, or even the statement of simple facts—(and shunning all attempts at deceit and hypocrisy) this alone has been often found sufficient to ruin a man's character, and destroy all his worldly interests: I do

not mean the danger of offending by libel, slander, or falsehood: such writers ought to suffer. Allusion is only made to those who have the courage to *think* for themselves; and to advance opinions sometimes at variance with the prevailing opinions of the day, and at other times not strictly in unison with those members of society in whose estimation we all anxiously wish to stand well.

Every person must admit, and it requires but little penetration to perceive, that there is a great deal of error in the world; nor can it be wondered at, when we consider that according to the present system of education, the whole of man's knowledge is founded on *fable* instead of fact: there is no harm in fable by way of illustration; it is an excellent method, the best perhaps that can be adopted: but then it should never stand alone, so as to be mistaken and considered as matter of fact.

This has often struck me as one great reason why so much time (generally the best part of our youth) should not be wasted in learning, what must partly be unlearned before we can ever think justly. In short all kinds of knowledge, were in ancient times, so wrapt in fable and mystery, that it puzzles young heads to discover the true meaning of what they read.

I cannot help thinking that the words in the Bible about the origin of evil, and the terms "Original sin," have been by many misconceived or mistaken. (It is with diffidence I speak on such a subject, but, as a common man, I may venture to make common remarks.) 'Tis very natural and equally reasonable to suppose that

in the earliest ages, men were, as living creatures greatly superior in animal strength to what they afterwards were, or perhaps ever since have been: I mean to say that if the translators of the first and oldest books, have handed down to us any thing like the sense of the contents of the said books, we must conclude that man is not now so strong and healthy an animal as he used to be: nor does he live half so long; that is—if what we call a year is the same period of time, as the year mentioned in the scripture. But this is a point which none but very learned men can discuss; and they, I fear not, on clear and substantial grounds. These are matters of mere opinion as to what man originally was; we have only to consider him as he now is, and such as we generally find him.

The probability is, that however his animal powers may have declined, his intellectual capacities have continued on the increase; and this is all that is meant, or here contended for: I am so far partial to the present times, that I think man was never so wise as at this moment, and that every year his knowledge increases. Whether he is less moral is quite another question: I think he is improved too in that respect, but his ideas of what is really moral are greatly changed.

Variety being the leading features of these Memoirs, no further apology is necessary for changing my subjects; indeed sameness now would stand most in want of vindication; but I have not the least dread of being found fault with on that account.

When I was a kind of a big boy—between the age of ten and fourteen, I remember seeing a showy funeral passing on the turnpike road, through my native town, Bingham, and I understood it to have come from some place near Grantham, and was going to Nottingham: The hearse and the horses, with black feathers on their heads, made a formidable appearance, and earnestly engaged my attention. They stopped for about half an hour at the Inn where I then was (the sign of the Marquis of Granby) they proceeded on their journey, and promised to call the next day on their road back: I contrived to be on the spot, at least, an hour before their arrival: a black-smith's shop was near the Inn, and two of the workmen had just been fighting with each other. One of them was an active little man, and had as the by-standers believed, the best of the battle; this little man looked rather beyond the middle age of life, he walked with a stick, and on account of some previous mishap, he wore a high-heeled shoe. His combatant—was a tall lubberly looking fellow: it happened that a very forcible blow from the little man had disfigured the tall fellow's phiz, in a most ludicrous manner: one eye was completely closed; and by the swelling of his full-moon face, the other eye seemed raised into the middle of his forehead. This fellow lived at a place not far distant, in a hut or cave near a spot called marl-pit banks, and seeing him in the plight here described, I could not help thinking of two lines in Virgil, as translated (I think) by Ogilbie, thus—

"Old Polyphemus in the cliffs of the rocks did dwell,
"The Cyclops knew his habitation well!"

But I am wandering from the subject, the hearse &c. are returned as expected: the driver stopped and called to the ostler to bring him some steps which were standing near the sign-post. "Well how do you do? said the landlord,—Old Doctor Timm, (who, had he lived till now, would have been called a "Veterinary surgeon!") The old doctor (or landlord) began by saying "Well you have left the corpse?"—"Yes, said the driver of the hearse, and I am bringing back another corpse! Ostler: (continued he) put those steps to the door and let the corpse walk out:" on hearing these words all persons present, wildly stared. The door of the hearse was opened, and we saw a man lying at full length on his back in his travelling dress, and with his boots on: we all started, looked much amazed, indeed quite astonished at thus seeing a corpse in a hearse, without a coffin and encased or equipped with a pair of large jack boots! Judge our still greater surprise, when me soon saw the corpse move, when we listened and heard it snort and snore most confoundedly Who should it be but Mr. Whitely the Nottingham manager,—He had seen the hearse at one of the Inns in that town, bargained with the driver, to carry him to Grantham, he walked as far as the Trent Bridge, then got into the vehicle, stretched himself out on his great coat, and had soundly slept as far as Bingham. After a few loud calls by the driver, he awoke, raised himself half way up, and cried "how now!"—he had taken off his wig and tied his white pocket-handkerchief round his head, so that he might still have passed for a dead man, or for a ghost, if it had not been for the ap-

parent heat of his forehead, the goggle of his eyes, and the rubicundity of his jolly carbuncled face! Mr. Whitely stared as much as those round about him! "What, (said he) am I arrived at the *Stygian* shores? Is that old *Vulcan*?—those his men? and that the shop where they forge *Jupiter's thunderbolts?*" Hey! speak But where's *Venus?*" Here said I, just as a pretty servant maid was bringing forward a tankard of porter. "Very well, young man, he replied,—you and I will have some chat together." He then got out of the carriage, treated the black-smiths with punch, which he termed nector, and took me into the landlord's apartment, where he drank tea with the family: we had, nearly an hour's conversation, by which I was highly entertained; his discourse made such a forcible impression on my mind, that the interview served to feed the passion I had just began to entertain in favor of the stage. After tea the old gentleman got into the hearse again, and pursued his way towards Grantham. The singularity of this mode of travelling—of his appearance and manners, I shall never, as long as I live forget.

This old gentleman (Mr. Whitely) was I believe by birth an Irishman; at least, so I have always been told: and though I did not then know much of the natives of that part of the kingdom, yet I recollect sufficient of him to believe that he had many of the characteristics of what I've since noticed in his countrymen. He was somewhat touchy in his temper, but warm hearted, and generous; and had a kind of origi-

nal whimsicality about him that is peculiar to Irishmen. He would abuse his performers violently; but the moment any person joined him in abuse—he would immediately turn round and defend their characters; saying "My performers are all gentlemen. I confess some of them may have their faults, but I won't in their absence have one word said against them:" and he would quarrel with any man who spoke to the contrary.

It has been observed in another place that he dressed in the old fashioned style, both on and off the stage. His manners and appearance altogether were unique; there are no such characters now to be seen. He frequently wore, when he could with propriety, a bag-wig: perhaps a young reader may not understand what that means. The wigs he wore were large curly ones, well powdered: and when on the stage, in a court, or full dress, the tail of the wig was generally put into a small silk bag: the wig was therefore called a bag-wig. One of this sort was always ready for him at the theatre in his dressing room. He had put on this wig to perform the character of *Sciolto* in Rowe's tragedy of "The fair Penitent:" in the fifth act, while chiding his daughter, and exhorting her to repentance—he says

"Hast thou not heard what brave Virginius did?
"With his own hand he slew his only daughter!

At this moment he thought some person touched the tail of his wig: he looked to one of the actors, who was standing at the side scene with a stage foil in his hand, and said "Be quiet, sir!" He then went on

with his part---felt another touch at the wig tail: he gave the actor another frown and exclaimed, sideways "If you do that again sir, I'll forfeit you five shillings!" He then went on speaking as *Sciolto*; another move of the tail.—"Five shillings more Sir;" The frightened actor could not tell what was meant, or what he had done to offend the manager. Before three words were spoken, the *silk-bag* and *wig-tail* moved again: Why, you impudent rogue (said Whitely) I'll forfeit you ten shillings and then discharge you from my company." The *black silk-bag* now moved once more, and got even on his shoulders. *Sciolto* himself laid hold of it,—felt something stir, and threw both *wig* and *bag* on the stage: A mouse;—a poor mouse; (for the mouse of a play-house is generally as poor as a church mouse.) This unfortunate, or rather this *fortunate mouse*, had found sufficient *flour* in the *silk bag* to make a hearty meal, which had so increased its bulk, it could get only half out at the hole through which it got in; so it carried the wig with it towards the *lamps!* Old Whitely fearing his *wig* would be burnt, tried to catch it, but could not; he called on the candle-snuffing boy to help him: the boy fell down and the manager over him: and all crawled off as fast as they could, the *boy*, the *mouse*, and the old *manager!*

MORNING THOUGHTS.

Young penn'd his "Night Thoughts" gloomy as his
theme!
And yet his mind, 'tis said was bright and cheerful!
So Johnson* writes, who conn'd his life full well—
'Twas free as air, and liberal as 'twas pure.
But Young well knew that men were wrapt in gloom,
And prone to grope their way thro' darksome shades!
That few could bear the beams of rising truth:
He therefore veil'd his liberal thoughts in clouds,
And left the clearing up to after-times!
The day-spring had not come; twilight scarce gleam'd
The intellectual sun had not burst forth
And error's shadows overcast the globe!
But now the morn appears! and orient rays
Of human knowledge glitter round the spheres!

Had Young but lived till now, he would no doubt,
Have given us Morning Thoughts, and made them shine
As bright, and as resplendent as noon day!
His happy genius, doubtless would have shown
That morning splendor more than equals night!
But, ah! alas, this brilliant bard is gone
And morn's bright glories yet remain unsung.

*See Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

Look back thro' time to ages most remote,
To distant climes, where history opes her page;
Whether in China, or on India's soil,—
Or near Euphrates, or the banks of Nile,
It matters not,—so that we glean the facts:
But, history glimmers only—cann't shine forth,
All things were then involv'd in mystery,
And man could little more than guess at truth,
Believ'd, or paus'd, as 'twas most probable.

Scribes the most ancient, and the most authentic,
Tell us but little more than what they heard
From others living just before, or then;
If so, their whole authority's upset!
Their stated facts mere hear-say evidence;
Granting these scribes were honest, worthy men,
Yet they were fallible as men are now,
Subject alike to error, or mistake;
And sway'd most like by modes that then prevailed,
For thinking has its modes as well as dress,
Then how gain truth? Ah, there's the difficulty.

Hessiod and Homer only tuned their lays
According to the fashions of the times,
And spoke of gods, as we now speak of *them:*
Their great Immortals of whose deeds they sung,
Had lost their power, and were no more adored;
Lost, too, their fame, save in heroic verse.

Thus time runs on! thus things are changed by time
And man! reflective man, or pleased, or grieved,
Puzzled or plagued, just as his humour hits,
Breathes, lives and dies, and then the scene is closed.

BATH ABBEY.

MOONLIGHT REFLECTIONS.

How calm! how quiet all! and darkness reigns!
And hark! the clock,—the Abbey clock strikes twelve!
'Tis Night's *high noon*, and drowsy mortals sleep,
While buoyant spirits hover in the air!
The Bat and Screech Owl thro' the gloomy aisles
Unseen pursue their prey; and as they trace
The hallowed dome, each nave and Gothic arch,
Should their long flappant wings disturb the web
Of cormorant Spider, gloating on his victim,
The poor entangled Fly,—then down at once,
Come Spider, Fly, and Web,—and falling on
The dry and hollow board of desk or pew,
The sound re-echoes thro' the vaulted roofs,
Enough to startle timid hearts with fear!

Think now?—Where am I! Treading on a grave,
The last abode of Man! The resting place
Of one who lived; and, living, breath'd as I do!

Breath'd!—What is breath? 'Tis atmospheric air,
Rais'd or depress'd by cold, or solar heat!
And what is life? A vegetable theme,
And like all other vegetables found!

Just so a thistle on a dunghill grows;
Grows, blooms and rots, and then is seen no more!
And yet this *weed* a certain something yields,
(Of brightness inexpressible and pure)
That loses not its re-productive powers!
Say—What this power? The ethereal spark divine?
Th' electric flash! The lightening of the mind!
While Death and dissonance are Thunder's clash!

Look round—'Tis said, that on, or near this spot—
Before old Bladud, Britain's swine-taught king*—
Perhaps, ere Roman arms brought Roman arts—
Minerva's worshippers here paid their vows,
And sought that wisdom which indeed they lack'd.
Thus warfare changes *states*, and *laws*, and *creeds*;
And nations *think*, just as by power they're taught!
Here Roman power once practised Roman *rites*—
Rites mystical, of *mythologic* birth;
Which long survived the advance of Roman mind!

'Tis said that Cæsar's senate—Cato's friends,—
Each day before they join'd in wise debate,
First bow'd their manly heads to Heathen Jove!

* See, Bath guide, &c.

This, too, when warlike deed and slavish fear
Had taught one half the world to cringe to *them!*
'Tis thus we witness Superstition's bane!
No health of mind till that fell fiend's removed.

'Tis seldom found that Senates take the lead
In paths most intellectual. They shrink—
Or awed by private fears, or public feuds,
They wait the powerful force of national mind,
And when the world would liberally advance
They hesitate, or sluggishly conform.

But view once more the Abbey's western front,—
See Jacob's ladder pointing to the skies;
Type of a dream; the dreaming priest who rear'd it!
For men once dreamt by day, as much as night—
Not individuals only; nations slept!
And 'tis maintain'd that many slumber still;
Some ope their eyes, and peep---then doze again;
'Tis doubtful whether half the world's awake!
But pause awhile, and Jacob's ladder mark;—
Up granite steps Angelic Beings mount—
To gritty staves Ethereal Cherubs cling—
Pinions of sand, and plumes of solid stone!

And look again; see further wonders still!
Mark where I am, within the Fane, or near!
The stone, the turf, the earth on which I tread,
The dust beneath, or even on my feet,
Once bore perhaps, the form of Mortal Being!

Nay, further still, give fancy ample scope,
Let every stone that forms this ancient pile,
Stones which have slept for full five hundred years
(Nay some might say a thousand ;) let them rise,
Hear them now speak and say from whence they came?
From neighbour quarry? or from foreign clime?

Question those fossil forms, in marble slabs;
Those shells of fish, that once drew vital air;
O bid them tell us, by what means they can—
Whether in Noah's time, before or since
They lay encrusted in the bowell'd earth?
Or circumscribed the roar of Ocean's waves?

These things we'd know, and more could they reveal,
No bound curbs active mind. It springs aloft—
(Let reason slack the rein) to heights unknown!
And could it reach creation's utmost verge
'Twou'd there on tip-toe stand, and forward lean
To view the unfathomable dark abyss!——

I can no more—I'm giddy when I look!
In silence only let us muse the theme.

Until within the last twenty or thirty years, strong opinions prevailed amongst authors, and London managers, that it was encroachment on their *rights and interests*, if the plays they brought out in Town were performed in the country without their special permission.

As far as regards *London*, perhaps, they may be right in availing themselves of their privilege of *copyright*. But, after the expiration of a few months, the performance of the *same pieces* at respectable country Theatres, may be for the advantage of all parties; because the said pieces get better known, and consequently more popular. What is made most popular, adds to an author's *fame*, and ultimately to his *interests:* and with regard to the interests of the managers; the person who has been highly pleased with a play, performed in York, or Edinburgh, would be more anxious, on coming to London, to see the same piece done in Drury Lane, or Covent Garden, than he would to witness the acting of a piece he never heard of before. Almost every man who is in any degree *theatrical*, has a taste for criticism, and he likes an opportunity of indulging that taste, and in exercising his talent, be his judgment good or bad; for all men are the best judges of what they like or dislike.

Many of our best writers, (Mr. Godwin for one) have advocated the doctrine of *necessity*, and what they say is ingenious, and oft beyond me, to prove unreasonable. They maintain that the *leading motive* always prevails, even in trifles, as well as in things of importance,—for instance: When we come to the corner of a street, we turn to the right or to the left—some people will say as *fancy* dictates; but philosophers maintain, that we turn as the leading motive obliges us to turn; and therefore, we are in all our actions, the creatures of *necessity*. These are very nice points to decide and far above what is meant to be touched on here, further than to show that some things happen so much *like chance* that it is scarcely worth while to argue the difference, whether chance, or not; but having suffered by *ill luck*, many throw the dice again in hope of *good*.

"In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
"I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
"The self-same way, with more advised watch,
"To find the other forth; by venturing both,
"Oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
"Because what follows is—"

PLAIN FACT.

About ten years ago I wrote a small pamphlet on the Drama: it was printed at Barnstaple by Mr. Syle who then resided there; about two hundred of them were sent after me, but, on account of my frequently moving from place to place, they have never reached me.

As observed in another part of these Memoirs, I have lost, for the present, some sketches. I had written on nearly all the managers that I have known during my long theatrical career. I had them with me at Bath and at Dorchester but cannot recollect what I did with them: I hope the mention here made may be the means of finding my *lost managers!* for having said so much of myself, it is not fair to leave so many unnoticed. And as shown by the above quotation, though I have used my bow unskilfully, I should be sorry (as Hamlet says)

" To shoot my Arrow o'er the House
" And hurt a——Brother"

" DISLIKE."

Soon after the farce of *Love a la Mode* made its appearance in London, it was performed in the country: 'tis said that the author Mr. Macklin, went down to Leicester on purpose to reprehend Mr. Whitely for performing it at his different theatres: the manager had recourse to the arguments before alluded to, that it was not only usual, but complimentary to the author, and that he, Mr. Macklin, ought to consider himself obliged, by having his farce performed. This language did not suit the old manager, and they got into warm words on the subject: Macklin told him that he did not act like a gentleman; nor like a man of good sense who knew the world, and had read the best authors.

I have read (replied Mr. Whitely) perhaps as much as you have! "Very probable, said Macklin, but, perhaps your taste has led you into the perusal of light, frivolous books, instead of works of merit.

Did you ever read *Locke*, sir? "*Locke* on Human Understanding? Whitely rejoined—"That curl of hair on your forehead is not sir, I fear, a "*Lock on Human Understanding!*" Macklin was somewhat nettled at this, and turned aside. However, 'tis said, the performers interceded, they all supped together and spent the evening in as merry a manner as possible.

GOOD ACTORS.

I must not forget to mention old Mr. Biggs' estimate of good actors. In the autumn of the year before spoken of, the old man went over from Barnstaple to Plymouth, to engage some additional performers: One was a Mr. Butler, generally called "Billy Butler" another well known at Liverpool, &c. as an actor of great merit, by the name of Gordon: The above-named gentlemen and a Mr. Virtue were also agreed with. On the return of Mr. Biggs to Barnstaple, he was asked what sort of people he was about to bring? "Oh (he said) between the acts, I shall tell the audience all about it. The time came, he bustled on the stage, and said "*Ladies and Gentilum* I begs your pardon to tell you what I have done, to show you my respects and gratitudes, I have engaged such new per-

formeries as have never been seen in this here town of Barnstaple for many a day; such actors, why they are all gentlemen's sons, run away from governors or governesses, godfathers and godmothers: they are all tip top gentlemen; all wear watches, great-coats, boots, spurs, and buck-skin breeches! They will appear soon: they come next week, and we all hopes to give you our best thanks and satisfactions." On saying this, the old man went off, as seemingly well pleased with himself, and his lucky mode of expressing his ideas.

While at Lymington, one season, a Lady of title patronized a Play—Her party came in to the side boxes, just as the curtain was drawing up; and as she passed Biggs at the door, briefly said "Sir John will pay you"—He did so,—and hurried after them, when old Biggs bawled out, as loud as he could—Sir John! Sir John! This is right for all you have brought with you *now*, but you left something unpaid, the last time you were here, three nights ago, "Ay, Who did I leave unpaid for?" "Why, yourself, Sir John, and three of your friends," "My friends! what friends? Who?" "Oh, Sir John, three of your own livery servants!" "Friends! Servants! I don't remember any thing about it." "Oh, Sir John, 'tis not strange at your not remembering it, for you was too drunk to remember any thing."—"Why you old blackguard, (exclaimed Sir John) bring in your account tomorrow morning and I'll pay whatever I may be in your debt." Sir John was again going into the boxes,

when old Biggs once more called him back—"For fear you should forget Sir John, here's pen and ink and a bit of paper; so please to give me your *note of hand* for the money." Sir John could not stand this—he burst out a laughing; and passing into the boxes said "Biggs, you are a d——n'd stupid old fool, and 'tis beneath me to be offended with you." Thus, at this period, was the management of a respectable company in the hands of an illiterate, vulgar old man. But his children made ample amends for the father's deficiencies: his son James, Miss Biggs, and Miss Ann Biggs, were all clever, and did honor to the profession wherever they appeared.

As before observed old Biggs, at the latter part of his life, turned *saint!* I should be sorry to find fault with any man for putting on even the appearance of good—for, as Hamlet says, there is "Merit in assuming virtue, even if you have it not!" But the person we are speaking of, had such a blundering bare-faced hypocrisy about him, that was preposterously ridiculous.

While at Taunton one season, at the Shakspeare Inn (where the theatre then stood) Mrs. Biggs, caught the old man in one of his most eccentric and whimsical humours, with a book in his hand as if preaching to a simple servant girl, who was cleaning the rooms. He said he only wished to *certify* her, and to teach her goodness. Mrs Biggs having heard or seen something she did not like, drove him about the chambers, beating him with the wet mop! old Biggs calling out murder! murder! will nobody take this mad woman from me? no one assist a poor *cripply* old man! no body

have pity on my incapabilities and nonconformities! Then, as he hobbled down stairs she still kept thumping him with the mop, and finally threw a bucket-full of dirty water upon him.

Soon after that time, these old people lost the assistance of their children, by their being engaged at Bath, and other large Theatres.

Biggs himself, though very illiterate, as the reader must have already perceived, had still a degree of shrewdness and *low-cunning* about him, that in matters of business, sometimes prove more productive of profit, than abilities of higher estimation: His son Mr. James Biggs, was not only a good Comedian, but a very good Burletta-singer. He could play on the violin and violincello: this gave the father the idea of taking young men as apprentices to learn music; though the old man himself, scarcely knew a crotchet from a semi-breve.

For two or three years before old Biggs died, he resided at Barnstaple, and pretended to turn *methodist!* I say *pretended*, because I wish not to hurt the feelings of *methodists*, or any other people on account of their religious opinions. I have known many good and worthy men of different sects, and various creeds. But I cannot help for a moment alluding to this subject, merely to give a *trait* of Biggs's character; a circumstance that has in it something truly hypocritical, and laughably ridiculous.

His last apprentice was a worthy young man of the name of Blagrove. On Biggs declining Management, which he was soon obliged to do, after his son and

daughters left him; he transferred his apprentice (Richard Blagrove) to me and my partner, Mr. Shatford at Salisbury, It was just about the time of my leaving that circuit for London. I shall never forget the letter I received from this old Biggs, on the subject of his apprentice. It contained a paper in the form of a prayer, which he desired me to insist on the said apprentice getting by rote, and hoped I would take the trouble, occasionally, of hearing him repeat it. The advice the old man gave him, was very good—very proper; recommending him to keep sober, steady and honest to his employers and all persons he had dealings with:—but the "prayer" though meant to be *serious*, had something in it that might offend a truly religious man, unacquainted with the character of the writer.

I kept the letter for many years, and the following is the substance of the "prayer" with the slight alteration of the word "heaven" in lieu of one more sacred, and therefore better avoided on this occasion.

SUBSTANCE OF

BIGGS'S ADVICE, OR "PRAYER."

"I Richard Blagrove, pray to heaven to bless and preserve my health, so as to keep me steady in the service of my employers, Messrs. Shatford and Lee: and also, to hold in remembrance the many acts of kindness received from my late worthy master, Mr. Biggs, still living at Barnstaple; and I pray to have a due sense of gratitude for the instructions on the fiddle, which I got from his son, Mr. James Biggs, now of the Theatres

Royal, Bath & Bristol. In return for their acts of kindness, I hope my present managers will send to my worthy old master, such sum, or sums, as I may be enabled to spare out of my *weekly wages*; as well as part of what I may otherwise gain by benefits, and other means.—And all this I faithfully promise to consent to and perform. Amen."

OBSERVATION.

Some of the stories often told of different characters especially stories of *Theatrical characters*, cannot be well relished, or accurately conceived, unless the reader is made to fancy that the said characters are at the moment, actually present in sight, strutting on the stage, or walking in the streets, at a trifling distance before him.

In personal appearance, old Biggs was rather short and bulky, weighed about eighteen stone, had a full round face, a club foot, and a squeaking voice! It is said by the bye that in the early part of his life he had been the master of a Puppet-show, and acquired his squeaking manner of delivery, by his habit of carrying on his daily conversation with *Mr. Punch*, his old wife *Judy* and the rest of his highly-bred, well painted and superbly *polished* friends and acquaintance!

Biggs generally walked with a crutched stick in each hand; a wig with a tremendous large curl on each side his face; a *pig-tail* half a yard long; had a particular method of raising his *club foot* whenever

he said a *good thing*: (which he did, as *he* imagined, every minute) he never opened his mouth, but to swallow food, or to broach bad English: his conceit kept pace with his contemptible pomposity!

The man had really not so much harm in him as he appeared to have; and those not immediately connected with him in business, might pleasantly look at and laugh with him: and when those who heard him talk, loudly laughed at his blunders, he always fancied they were delighted with his *wit*, and on he would proceed, though he had not any *wit* about him, but what was too low to be laughed at. "Why don't you play the School for Scandal, Mr. Biggs?" said a gentleman one day at Taunton. "Oh, bless you! (the old man squeaked out) we cann't do it by the next night, sir! we have nobody that's ready in Sir Francis Gripe!" "Well then, Mr. Biggs, what say you to the Rivals?" "Why, sir, we can do that very well: I have often played Faulkland: if the ladies will excuse my not playing it in boots! for I cann't get on boots, on account of my *lameness* and *confirmity!*" "Boots! Mr. Biggs! you mean, perhaps, the part of Acres!" "Oh yes, I did, I meant Acres!" "Well, Mr. Biggs, can you do Sheridan's other play, his Opera?" "What Love in a Village, madam?" "No, Mr. Biggs, The Duenna; I suppose your son is clever in Little Isaac the Jew?" "Oh, he does not play the Jew; he always plays the Jew's man, Jabal, and sings a song in it: Amo Amas, I Love a Lass!" "Oh, you mean Lingo!" "Yes, madam, I mean 'Lingo's Travels,' written by Doctor Arnold, set to music by Garrick,

and afterwards sung by Mr. O'Keefe: we can do that next week, but not now; for the musician's wife who generally plays Miss Biddy (the Miss in her Teens) is not quite recovered from her confinement!" Thus would this old man run on, without sense or connection, blunder upon blunder, callous, and even unconscious of the numerous mistakes he was committing.

I believe 'tis upwards of forty years since the farce of "The Village Lawyer" was first brought out at the Haymarket: we soon afterwards had it in the country; I remember playing the part of the *Lawyer* (Scout) one night at Dorchester. In the side-boxes we particularly noticed two gentleman who laughed very heartily; and their enjoying the humour of it, seemed to add to the pleasure of the audience. The next day I was walking through the Antelope Inn yard, near the Theatre, and on passing these two gentlemen one of them spoke to me thus—"I believe you are the manager of the Theatre here!" I bowed assent: he continued—"My friend, this gentleman, was with me in your Theatre last night, and he conceives that you knew he was a *lawyer*, and from a *village* in Devonshire: and that you consequently played the farce to insult him! if so, perhaps he may commence an action against you!" I suppose I looked somewhat con-

fused, or ridiculous; and turning round to apologize by saying that there was "no insult intended; that it was by mere accident the farce was done, and I hoped the gentleman would not be offended"—when I had got thus far, they both burst out a laughing! and said "Oh—no offence! we were very much pleased indeed and if we stop another night,we shall come again—Good morning sir, we wish you success!" On saying this they walked forward: I returned to inquire at the bar who the gentlemen were, and was not a little surprized to find that one was in reality a Devonshire Village Lawyer and the other Judge Buller.

"To laugh and loll in Rabelais' easy chair"

This line, if I mistake not, was written by Pope or Dean Swift: it was brought to my mind by once seeing a volume of the works of the old French Humourist, Rabelais. I remember reading in this author some allusion to this farce of "The Village Lawyer," in words to this effect: speaking of a man on a trial, defending his cause in a very confused and incoherent manner, it was said "To resemble the man in the farce, who jumbled together the loss of his *cloth* and his *wethers*, till he lost himself, and could prove neither one thing nor the other!"

Now this evidently alludes to an incident similar to what we have in our "Village Lawyer;" and if so, that incident (if not the farce itself) is as old as Monsieur Rabelais, the celebrated French Humourist.

Having just spoken of, or rather just written,—by the bye,—I shall be obliged if the reader will always consider me as talking to him, instead of writing! Could I *write prose* as well as Dr. Johnson, I would stick to it; for I think, if I am capable of giving any opinion on such a subject, I think Dr. Johnson's prose in general, and especially his preface to his Dictionary, is the very achme, the perfection of prose writing.

As I have, in another place, said that a monkey may dance on the rope better than a man; so I—a practical *word-snapper!*—may I not sometimes be permitted to *pun* or crack a joke almost as well as this *Leviathan* of Literature? this most Learnedly Luminous Lexicographer? Now, the Doctor would have been *angry*, or have found fault with this phrase, on account of the alliteration of the L's! Then may I not be pardoned for good humouredly joking about his P's and his Q's! The Doctor knew the critical cant of the times, and his own interests too well, to defend such kind of wit as punning and alliteration; and he would have swerved from his duty as a critic, had he encouraged that species of writing at the expense of something better. Common people like me cannot be always talking *sense*, it would be *nonsense* to attempt it. I *wish*, at times, to be nonsensical: our greatest joys, our felicities are derived from nonsense! (If we only pause to reason about them) and if told I am *mad* for saying so, I shall give the madman's reply, by saying "there is a pleasure in being mad, which none but madmen know!" If the reader is not occasionally of my opinion, I advise him to lay

down my book, for he will find in it nothing *over*-wise—but, perhaps, every thing of a contrary description! Indeed, I have taught myself to believe (the reader may think that much *persuasion* was not necessary,) and I have long been of opinion that if I have any thing about me worth notice, or in the least valuable, it is what I have already apologized for, my *un*certainty and *ir*regularity!—If the reader, at this moment, can form any idea as to what is to be spoken of in the next page, he knows a great deal more than I do! Had I been an Oxford man, I should have been taught to *think* and *write* like an Oxford man!—Cambridge ditto—Westminster ditto—Eton ditto---Harrow ditto, and so on, perhaps through all the best schools in the Empire! But for errors of every sort, I wish to take the blame that belongs to them, on my own head, and if being *un*taught and *un*polished is blameable, I will say with the man in the farce "I glory in my ignorance!"

Within the last half century there have been as great changes in the Theatrical as in the Political world: For the present I will only notice the right, or supposed value of new Pieces first acted in London, and afterwards exhibited in the Country. Both Authors and London Managers used to conceive it an invasion on their right of property, without asking themselves whether publicly performing a Play and taking money of those who attended to witness it, whether this was or was not tantamount to the printing and publication of the same piece? And whether the penalties attached to

such offences were in both cases the same? These are points which none but Lawyers can determine, and they have doubts on the subject. But at that time no such doubts prevailed, and London Authors and Managers conceived they had a sort of copy-right; and that Country Companies could not play any of the said pieces without due permission.

Now it never occurred to them, or if it did occur, it had not it's proper weight with them, that there was any scruple about their right to interfere, if they thought proper! I do not set up to have any knowledge of the law, nor do I mean to say one word against it, only as far as regards the licencing of Theatres; in all other matters I confess myself one of the worst Lawyers in His Majesty's Dominions! and it is this very law that has instructed me; I happen to know the *birth, parentage,* and *education* of this law, I knew the *father* and *godfather* of it! But the *clerk* who said *"Amen"* I did not know! and I rather suspect that the clerk himself was the father of the act, or when he received his orders to note down the bantling in the parliamentary *register,* he so briefly worded the same, that nobody can well understand it. The *whole act* is not much longer than the *abstract* in *Burn's* Justice. I have talked with scores of Magistrates on the subject, and I never met one that did not say it was imperfect. *Imprimis.*—The person who drew up the act had only Salisbury in view, and the first licence that was granted there, was to Mr. Shatford and myself—and the Two Fathers of the act—(Lord Radnor and Mr. Hussey) differed in the interpretation of their

own law! I believe the act itself has been found inefficient in all Theatres except *patent* ones, and perhaps there is not a Manager but what has been obliged to break the act, and proceed at times contrary to the clauses the act contains: especially in large towns, in sea-port towns, and watering-places: it is very true I have experienced the utmost liberality from the Magistrates wherever I've been, but the uncertainty of the law does not give that stability to Theatrical, as it does to all other kinds of property, and which is necessary to warrant any prudent man in building, &c. and without speculating in this way, no respectable establishment can be carried on.

In Lord North's time, it was proposed to lay a tax on Theatricals, and (I just remember it) the tax was strongly opposed by players in general: I think they were wrong in opposing it: The tax would have been so very unproductive it would soon have died a natural death! Theatricals can seldom pay themselves, much less afford to pay taxes! but such a tax, if trifling, might have led to regulations that would have been of general utility. But I am talking somewhat seriously, or rather too dryly, when I ought to be only gossipping.

Let us skip off to Leicester again, where we left the author and manager discoursing of copy-right. We will now give another person's opinion as to copy-right The opinion of the once highly famous "Philip Astley, Esq." This Squire might well be supposed a man of consequence, when the reader is informed that he was the Head Master of the Westminster School! i. e. the Riding School! Some people might imagine it more

difficult to teach horses than men ! but this wonderful genius accomplished it. His ideas of copy-right shall presently be given, but first hear a little story of him. Several years after the foregoing circumstance relating to Mr. Whitely occurred, this Squire Astley went with his motley troop, to this very town, Leicester: Mr. Whitely's manners had always been polite and *silvery*, the *Squire's* vulgar and *brassy* ! He met with some obstruction at Leicester, but he brazened it out, by arguing that the Mayor himself could not prevent him and his men, riding through the streets ! Why no, was the reply, " Well then, said he, what's the difference, whether we sit on our saddles,---stand on our heads---or on our hands with our heels upwards ! " Oh very well, but you shall not perform, you shall not tumble, " our horses shall tumble down, and we can tumble off, or the horses can get up again, with us on their backs !" " But you shall not dance ! " " Yes we can dance on our horses' backs ! " " But not on a stage " " We can on a stage---here ostler put those four horses abreast, cover them with deal boards nailed together, as a platform or stage, twenty-four feet square. Mister Merryman, begin!---sound the Trumpet---I've a Trumpet *Licence !*" Go on, go on---The best performance in all England !—This way Ladies and Gentlemen, this way.

We will now return to copy-right---But first I wish to premise that I do not argue against the existence of that right, I wish it better ascertained and more accurately defined and protected. Tis said, they " man-

age these matters better in France," and that the author's right exists, even after his death, for the benefit of his family!

Hear *Squire* Astley's idea of these things.

The public once read in his bills at the Amphitheatre —Thus, "To-morrow evening, will be exhibited a new Burletta, written by the Manager, Philip Astley, Esq." A young man, the real author of the piece, was almost petrified when he first saw this. He ran to the *Squire*, "Oh sir, there's a sad mistake in the bills!" "What mistake? I do not see any!" "Why 'tis printed in the bills and papers, as if *you* had written the new piece!" "Well and what then?" "What then sir! why you know I am the author:" "Very well! and what then?" "Why I expected, sir, to have had it announced as mine." "Yours! why have I not *paid* you for it?" "O yes, sir: but---" "But what? nonsense! Having paid you for it, the piece is mine! Who's Theatre is this? Why every body will say Astley's! Astley's Theatre! Now I never laid the bricks in the mortar, the roof on the walls, nor the tiles on the roof! but having paid for building it, of course am the builder! go along, you're a foolish young man, go along."

In a previous page—(two P's, mind; and I am not above acknowledging them)—But Doctor Johnson, (in all other respects a very honest man) was apt to abuse the tools he "was wont to work with!" These

words I am told he once wrote; and residing for a time at Bath or Bristol, he is suspected to have written to a lady who visited both those places on account of her health, to the following effect—

"Oh, may those springs that near to Bristol flow
"*With well warmed waters wash away thy woe!*"

The Doctor is reported to have said that "The person who will pun, may pick a pocket!" Very true; and the Doctor who will thus deal doubly, and double his P's; and look queer, and queerly, quarrel with his Q's and plague a plaguy poor Poet, or a plaguy poor playerman about playing with these P's, may perhaps, give this player his *cue*, and then find a playful point in the curious *cue* of a poor Billiard Player! even when he is alliterating his own alliterative literature, and picking his puny Puns out of the pockets of the Billiard Table!

"A SURPRISED FOWL."

When I was about twenty years of age and living with an uncle, as already mentioned, I sometimes used to amuse myself by catching or shooting rabbits, or any thing that came in my way. In the neighbourhood was a Doctor of Divinity who had a son just come from Cambridge, I forget his name, but being intended for the army, he was, of course, called "Captain"

And the other son, for similar reasons, was called "Doctor." The latter gentleman's father lived at Sarum, and he himself just from a college at Oxford. Well—the "Captain," the "Doctor," and the "old Major," (myself) were all out a sporting together: (by the bye, we frightened more than we killed, though none of us were bad shots!) But hold—it may be necessary to say why I was called "Old Major;" though I think it has already been explained. I had performed the character of The Major in "The Flitch of Bacon," when we played for the benefit of the poor of Bingham, and many people in that part of the country still call me "The Old Major!"

Well—to proceed—We were out a shooting—began to be hungry, and yet were at least three miles from home: we came to a small public house—"Landlady! what have you got that's good?" "I have got nice *ale*, gentlemen!" "New or old!" "Oh, I am afraid my customers should soon think it too old, so I want to sell it while 'tis good! why 'tis nearly a month since I brewed it!" "Well, what have you for us to eat?" "Eggs and bacon, gentlemen!" "Hang your eggs!" (said the Captain) and "Save your bacon!" (said the reverend Doctor.) What shall we do, hey, Old Major? Why (said I) whenever I *march* into a village public house, this is the answer I generally expect to receive. 'Eggs and bacon!"—Eggs!—stay—I see some beautiful young fowls in your yard; Mistress, could you contrive to—"Ah, gentlemen, had I known of your coming!" "Pshaw! we did not know of it ourselves! Let us have one of those fowls—we'll pay you what

you like!" "Oh, I don't doubt that——but ——" "No buts! Captain! come this way—and landlady, see you have a good clear fire! spread a clean cloth on that table, plates, &c. Old Major—help her—and bring out a door, some pepper and that old salt box! Before I could take down the old wooden salt-box from the wall, I heard the report of the *Captain's* gun, &c. As soon as I got out of door, I saw the reverend Doctor busy at work! He had tucked up his black coat sleeves—laid one of the white young fowls on the horse-block—had, with his pen-knife, cut off the tail, legs and wings—slit up the skin at the back—stripped it off (skin and feathers altogether) as far as the neck—cut off the fowl's head—dipped his hands into the salt box! crying out to me "Pepper, Major, plenty of pepper?" "Zounds, (said I) you're as bad as the girl who skinned eels alive! Egad! I once saw a rabbit *galvinized*, which showed symptoms of remaining life an hour after it was killed!" "Confound your *galvinism* (said the reverend Doctor) you have shocked me with your elbow, and made me cut my finger! but come, no time to be lost. The fowl was laid on the *fire*, then on the *table*, and swallowed in less than ten minutes afterwards! Now (said the Doctor very gravely) I'll tell you why we Oxford folks call this a "*Surprised Fowl!*" You talk of a *rabbit* living a full hour! why a *fowl* lives as *long* as a *rabbit*, and the fowl we have just eaten, has not been half an hour killed, may not yet be quite dead! perhaps the intellectual parts of it may be turning round in our stomachs in a state of *wild surprise!* Thinking to this effect—

Bless me! I was near the *barn door* just now, *crowing* on the *dunghill!* and how came I in this dark confined place? I'm quite *surprised!* and this is what we, at Oxford, call a "*Surprised Fowl!*"

With regard to old Mr. Biggs, of whom, perhaps, I have sufficiently spoken—It is supposed all his children are dead, except the eldest, who was some years a music-master in London; made a handsome fortune there, then went to reside at Rome. Strange tricks used to be played with this old man, some of which he often deserved: he had once two actors with him, who soon afterwards became popular on the American stage; one I think, was called Wordsworth, the other Bates: both were good at imitating the manners and voices of other people. (This was before imitation was made a trade of, as it has been since.) These two young men had got the *knack*, and by counterfeiting the voices of Biggs and his old wife, used to cause a good deal of fun, at the Barnstaple Theatre. There is a tollerably large space under the stage, usually filled up with traps, chests, and frame scenery, only occasionally wanted: by going a little way up stairs, we reach two dressing rooms: up about half a dozen more steps and we enter two other rooms; one of them is used as a green-room! Take what follows as a specimen of the tricks. One of the actors would go into the wardrobe while Mrs. Biggs was looking out dresses for the next performance, and would say, Mrs. Biggs, I will thank

you madam, to let me have five shillings till Saturday? "O! I shant; I've no silver about me; ask my husband!" "Why Mr. Biggs has just given his consent: and sent me to you! he's above; if you doubt me, ask him!" "Husband! Mr. Biggs! (calling) did you say I was to advance Mr. W. five shillings?" "Yes, my dear!" cried the voice of the imitator in the room above. But hold tho'—Have you repaid the five shillings I lent you last week? Ask him, ma'am! (voice in the other room) "Oh yes, he paid all owing, he's very punctual, let him have what he wants!" Then again at another time some one in the secret, would go into the green room when the old woman was there, and would exclaim "Bless me! I've good news for you ladies! our manager is generous, and in a good humour too: he says he expects a good house to night, and if we'll promise to be perfect, he'll treat us all: you ladies with wine or negus, and the gentlemen with a bowl of punch!" "Why the stupid old ass, (grumbled Mrs. Biggs, aside) my husband talks foolishly; (said she) the house will *not* be so good as he thinks!" (Then the voice from one of the other rooms) "Oh, I am sure there will be a *capital* house! So Mrs. Biggs give them the money, or send to the inn, and order the liquor!" the order was given, the old woman grumbling all the while she gave it: and thus the parties would go on through the whole season; and the frequent and hearty laughs these tricks produced, greatly added to the pleasure of the whole company.

In a former part of these Memoirs, I gave a brief account of a very pleasant ride I once had from Bridgwater through Stowey, and on by the side of the Bristol Channel into Devonshire. Now as sportsmen, particularly hare-hunters, say, when they have lost the scent, let us "try back!" So we'll start from Bristol: and from that city, as you mount the hill, westward, there is a beautiful view of the surrounding country, which afforded me many very agreeable associations. First, the residence of Mrs. Hannah Moore, was pointed out. Who can hear the name, or think of a thinking woman, without some degree of respectful attention: She is a clever writer, and has been instrumental in the circulation of various Tracts. Now at the time I was on the hill, I thought if Mrs. Moore was with me I would try to convince her that the fine *tract* of the surrounding country was equal, if not superior, to any Tracts she ever circulated: and by the *name* only of the next person about to be mentioned, I am sure this lady will own that propagators of different opinions may have lived in the same neighbourhood. I should imagine that not this lady, or any other persons who love truth, can even look *at*, or *towards* the parish of Wrington, without feelings of respect and honor. If questioned why? my answer would be thus—Because it was the birth-place of *John Locke!* I by this answer give the querist a volume in two words!

His works may have been the *prime cause*,—the great *mental-lever-power* that first loosened, and has since moved all the other powers in this quarter of the globe; and will, eventually, move the rest. It is still

operating; some persons think the work not half done: and oceans of blood would have been saved, had the doctrines of John Locke been listened to, instead of those of such men as John, Duke of Marlborough. Not that the latter could be blamed: according to the circumstances then prevailing, he acted, no doubt, for the best. Some evils nothing but *time* can cure: a garden, with a rich soil, if left alone, or unskilfully managed, is the more likely to be full of *weeds;* and until those weeds are removed, and the soil properly cultivated, no good or useful produce can ever be raised, or reasonably expected.

Before I quit this interesting spot,—*interesting to me* because so near the spot where the *immortal John Locke,* first drew breath! though I am an old man, upwards of sixty, I could still be sufficiently romantic to kiss even a stone if I know it had been touched, or trod upon by *John Locke.* But talking of kissing—I hope I shall (as an old man) be excused for saying that I met with an intelligent young female, belonging to the Inn on the road, (within view of Wrington)—who engaged my attention, by pointing out, and relating several particulars concerning the parish where this great philosopher was born. On coming further westward, I looked to the left hand as far as Ilchester, and calling to mind that it was the birth-place of the old Friar Bacon! I exclaimed to myself—"Somerset thou hast done thyself honor in producing these two immortal men. Thou mayest at any time proudly and truly say to any other county "*I* (the county of Somerset) have done this!"—"*Go thou and do likewise!*"

I must again speak of my worthy friend the young Oxonian Doctor, and of his crony companion, the Captain. They called on me one day, and proposed going a shooting—but, said the Doctor, I must first give my horse a feed of corn, having yesterday rode him sharply. "Well, I replied, go order your horse, and feed him as you like; there's plenty of oats in the bin :" "It will save time, said he, if I take him some corn in my pocket-handkerchief; he is still at grass in the church-yard. Thus prepared, off we set : as soon as we reached the spot, the Doctor whistled ! I observed that I had often heard of sailors whistling for a wind, but I did not know that 'twas the way to catch a horse ! "Oh, said the Doctor, he'll come when he sees me with this corn! Here "Harvey ! Harvey !" I bought him of Farmer Harvey, and so call him by that *name*; see, he has perceived me already, and is coming this way !" "Well, but the horse cannot eat the oats out of your handkerchief without wasting them!" "Pshaw! you shall see how the horse and I manage the matter! Any one of these smooth flat tomb-stones we find equal to a manger!" "Egad (said I) as the horse and you seem to *understand* each other so well, I think you may, jointly, make a good moral book ! This *horse*, that you call *Harvey*, seems very thoughtful about the *oats*, as well as the spot where he stands, and as you appear to know his reflective thoughts and feelings, suppose you take your pen in hand to assist him, and give us another Edition of "Harvey's Meditations on the Tombs !" Soon after this, we went home, and having ready a couple of rabbits and some partridges,

instead of *galvinizing* them, they were speedily *gormandized!* Now I am on the subject of eating, it puts me in mind of a *beef-steak!* consequently of the *Beef-steak Club*, and of my old friend Bernard, of Covent Garden. I mentioned him more than a year ago, as will be seen at the beginning of these Memoirs: since which time the "Retrospections" of this gentleman are published, or are publishing by his son, in London. As I never to the best of my knowledge saw the son, from his having been (as I presume) in America nearly all the time; yet as his father and myself were so much acquainted, it will be rather strange if we neither of us hit upon the same circumstances: I certainly would avoid it if possible. Mr. Bernard was one of the most pleasant men that I ever saw preside at the social board. His talent was very different from that of my old friend and partner, Mr. Shatford, but of their kind, both were truly excellent.

I frequently used to discourse with Mr. Bernard about the *Beef-steak Club!* He told me that either Mr. Sheridan, or Mr. Jekyl, furnished the motto: (placed over, or near the fire-place) Every body knows that a *beef-steak* is a *good* thing, or a *bad* one! It depends on the cooking. The *motto* is from Shakspeare's Macbeth.

"———————When 'tis done, 'twere well
"It were done quickly.

So think I—(for there are two or three ways of *dressing* a *beef-steak*, but only one in *eating* it, and that is——quickly! Now this account I had from Mr. Bernard, (as far as regards his being a member of the

club) but whether mentioned in his Memoirs, I cannot say; for up to this very moment (October the 20th. 1830) I have not once had the pleasure of seeing his books.

Two stage-struck Heroes, in London, having frequently applied for engagements at many different Theatres expecting to perform great characters; were told that young men quite inexperienced in the profession, could not be trusted with first-rate characters—and if they hoped for any probability of being engaged, they must make out lists of parts of less consequence, and the longer the lists, the more useful the performers would be to the managers, and of course, the greater their chance of getting some one to take them. Now if old play-books are examined there may often be found many characters mentioned in the "Dramatis Personæ" that are now not done: perhaps never were done; only the names originally put in to fill up the scene, for the sake of effect. The two young men above alluded to, had sent down to old Biggs, lists of parts such as here described, and when they arrived, they could not be of the least service to any manager, and old Biggs found it prudent to pay their carriage back to London, in order to get rid of them! and 'tis too true, notwithstanding my utmost care, I have very often been served in a similar manner.

The following story is really true. The old man once consulted Mr. Hill a very eminent surgeon that I well knew when I first went to Barnstaple: Biggs

on his returning to the Theatre one morning, gave the following account of his interview with the Doctor: "I went do you see to Mr. Doctor Hill's own house: and he said, says he, sit down Mr. Biggs; and I did sit down, for he told me not to stand for the *looks* of ceremony; and he said, look at me Mr. Biggs! then he took from his red morocco pocket-book, a launcelot, and he cut one of the *artifices* of my left eye, right in two. He then gave me some *nointment:* I *thinks* it was *opening dildock* to *noint* it with; and I did *noint* it directly: and he said I should recover my precious eyesight once again, and I have recovered it; only I cannot help squinting a little, and Mrs. Biggs tells me that I don't look quite so handsome as I used to *do!*"

Another time, at a watering-place on the Devonshire coast, he was advised to try the warm bath, and his apprentice Blagrove was appointed to go with him in order to turn the cocks and regulate the heat of the water so as the old man might chose to have it. Now he had at times, used Blagrove very cruelly, and it is supposed that Dick pretended not to understand his master, in order to plague him a little. There was a shade or slight partition between where Dick stood, and the water in which Biggs was bathing; and Dick's business was to regulate the heat, according to the directions of the old man. At first getting in Biggs thought it too cold! "Let in some warm water Dick" "Yes 'sir!" and in ran the boiling water. "There Dick! there!" "Oh, sir, I know how to manage it! "Stay Dick! stay! "Oh sir, stay as long as you like; I'm not tired!" "Quite enough Dick, - Hot

enough." "Not enough sir? then you shall have more!" "Oh enough—hot, too hot!" Bless me, said Dick, then you shall have it hotter! aye as hot as you please: and in Dick kept pouring the boiling water, till the old man exclaimed, "Oh! oh! Zounds, the boy will coddle me! I'm stew'd as they stew large mushrooms; and scalded like an old bristly pig!" Then out he scrambled as fast as he could,—ran into the adjoining passage, naked as he was born,—to the amazement and delight of all the old bathing women there assembled. Old Biggs never heard the last of this as long as he remained a manager; for whenever there was a tollerably full gallery—the people would keep crying out "Hot enough, Dick! stop their coming in! "Hot enough! Hot enough! Hot enough!"

During the time that the Brighton Theatre was under the management of a Mr. Fox, who then kept a coffee house in Bow-street, on a part of the ground where now stands the portico, or grand entrance to the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. This Mr. Fox had engaged for the Brighton season, Mr. Edwin, jun. Mr. Grace and Mr. Virtue; I believe the two first have been dead some years, the latter has been long established at Weymouth as a professor of music; and the young lady who a short time ago made her appearance in London, (Miss Upjohn) was a pupil of his, and has done him great credit for her musical

taste, and other scientific acquirements, which have stamped her a favorite wherever she appears. This gentleman as above observed, with Mr. Grace and Mr. Edwin,—at that time generally called Jack Edwin, in order to distinguish him from his celebrated O'Keeffian Father. Well, this Jack Edwin, Mr. Virtue, and Mr. Grace were engaged at Brighton, and advertised to appear on the same evening, in their respective characters: detained by accident on the road they did not reach Brighton, till nearly an hour beyond the time of going on the stage. The audience became impatient, so did the manager, (Fox an Irishman) "Blood and Ounds!" he cried, go on: Jack Edwin said "Should not some apology be made?" Oh! there's no time for't, (said Fox) and when the cue was given, on Jack was pushed: a loud and general hiss followed, with the words apology, "Explanation or apology!" Jack Edwin advanced two or three steps forward—with "Ladies and gentlemen! the best apology we can make is the truth: and to show you my sincerity, I take the chief blame upon myself, I am the most in fault, and if you'll permit me, I'll tell you why!" "Go on!" We have kept you a full hour waiting: (a hiss)—You this moment heard the manager say "No apology---but by Mr. Edwin,"—for I had promised him to state the truth, and take the whole blame upon myself; and with your permission I will now do it in as few words as possible. (Hear him.) "We set off in proper time from London, but owing to different accidents, *Grace* did not come until after *dinner*. I did not come to a T——and *Virtue* was lost in the dark between the Steyne and the Theatre!" This threw the audience into a good humour, and all went off with shouts of applause.

It is highly probable that my readers may have had quite enough of old Mr. Biggs, and his whimsical proceedings; at least I begin to fear it will be thought so; I shall therefore only once more bring him forward to make his last appearance and to thank the public for all favors conferred on himself and his company.

But it may be necessary to premise that near the road from Southmolton to Barnstaple, (about seven miles from the latter) is a spot called Castle Hill; the seat of the Earl of Fortescue, the Lord Lieutenant of the County. I have seen most of the noblemen's seats in the kingdom, and to a stranger this is most strikingly beautiful! At the period I am speaking of, the Devon Militia were at Barnstaple, and Lord Fortesque and the Officers, had patronized a play which happened to be the last night in the season: on such occasions, if a manager knows his duty, he will consequently express his thanks for the favors conferred on the Theatre, or will employ one of his performers to do it for him. Mr. Biggs took upon himself to discharge this duty in the following manner: I repeat it from good authority, and believe it strickly true.

"My Lord Earl Fortiscue and *gentilum* of the whole *Corpses*. I *comes* forward in this here handsome *manners* to return you my thanksgivings for all the benefits and blessings conferred on me and my *companees* one and all: and I assure you my Lord Earl Fortiscue and *gentilum* of the *Corpses*, that when I come to this here town again, I'll do every thing to please and *patronize* you all. I'll—I'll spare

no pains, nor expences;—I'll have new sceneries, new wardrobes, and I'll bring out all the new *manuscripture* pieces that are printed in London: that's what I'll do! and do you hear boy? ring the bell—let down the *curtainy*—and Fiddlers—strike up—God save the King!"

A MAD-HEADED MADRIGAL;

OR,

A PUNIC WAR AGAINST PUNS.

All who've read Doctor Johnson won't think it absurd,
To find many meanings attach'd to one word;
But with all the great sense Johnson's head once contain'd,
There are some little words he has not well explain'd.
With a fol-lol-lol.

Johnson found fault with puns from his scholastic birth,
Yet we'll prove him the greatest of punsters on earth:
If you ask what's a pun? and refer to his gleanings;
He will say 'tis a pun where a word has two meanings!

Common Punsters with *two* meanings would be content,
But the Doctor himself was so punningly bent,
Had such meanings he scarcely knew which to be at,
If you doubt—see his book—note the words *this & that!*

Tho' each of these words has of letters but four,
Yet of meanings, the Doctor could prove they'd a score!
So of *this* be assured, if you've *that* for its brother,
The good Doctor could say, you've got *this that & t'other!*

One word could be shown—were the Doctor alive—
Where the meanings are prov'd to be just thirty-five!
Why is it not plain then,—as Johnson's rule runs—
That with *one word* he thus has made *thirty-four* puns!!

As a *punist* I blush—I'm out-done as a *droll-man!*
Hood and *Hooke* are thus *hood*wink'd!—quite *darken'd*
the *Cole-man!*
As it cannot be help'd, I, of course, must give way—
Doctor Johnson in these things bears sovereign sway!

'Tis said that in China—a very wise plan—
He who has the most words, is there thought *wisest*
man:
So as Buckingham's going to travel for trade—
Let him take out our *things*—bring home *words* ready
made!

Oh I wish some new *Soph*—spite of climate or weather,
Would here bring all *words* & all *things* close together!
That a *Horne Tooke*-like *head*, with *Johnsonian hand*,
Could make all who *read*—all alike *understand!*

Then how pleasant 'twould be while with ladies in France---
None would say "*Non Tong Paw!*" when we ask'd
them to dance:
But with heads thick or thin, and with heels light as
feather,
All might laugh & shake hands, or get fuddled together!

THE VALE OF BELVOIR,

AND THE

VALE OF TAUNTON DEANE.

In order to give my friends something like a proper idea of the two parts of the kingdom above mentioned, I mean to describe them together, as the description of one, may in many respects greatly tend to explain the other. I shall merely sketch the outlines, and appeal to the imagination to fill up the rest Let my readers descend with me from Bath or Bristol, across the hills of Mendip, and enter the city of Wells at the east end, near the Cathedral; the western towers on the outside, are filled with stone images of the twelve apostles, and some two or three score of saints, &c. In this respect, the towers are much superior to any that I have ever seen; though I have beheld Lincoln, Worcester, Gloucester, Peterborough, Ely, Exeter, &c. all the most noted ones in the kingdom. We now soon reach the very interesting ruins of Glastonbury

Abbey: nothing remains in a state like what it originally was, except the kitchen, which is a stone building nearly round; or, in some respects (when within it) of an octagonal form: I suppose it may be thirty yards in diameter, and perhaps about that in height. The history of it is, that a former kitchen had been burnt down, and that all the holy fraternity then residing there, suffered more from that accident, than if the fire had consumed any other part, or even all the buildings belonging to the Establishment.

The kitchen now has somewhat the appearance of a large *glass house;* but much more noble,---and very antique. It is built without one bit of timber, or any other inflammable matter; and so firmly, as if it was meant to stand as safely, and as long, as the famous Egyptian Pyramids!

The Abbots, Cardinals, and rosy-faced Friars, were for some time after the loss of their former kitchen sadly deprived of their excellent fare and most luxurious mode of living, which they had long enjoyed, and which it is to be hoped they transcendently merited.

A friend of mine, a clergyman, and one of great classical acquirements (now I believe in France), once gave me the two following lines, which he wrote with a diamond ring, on a pane of glass, at the Inn near the Abbey ruins.

> The Kitchen stands secure; the Temples nod;
> Does not this hint that *belly* was their *God?*

Let us now mount Glastonbury Torr; a hill on one side, of a circular form, with a small tower on the sum-

mit, in which it is said that formerly church service was occasionally performed: now if my numerous friends in Nottinghamshire, will only suppose themselves at Belvoir Castle, and bring it westward; (for as castles are often built in the air, why not carry them through it): let Belvoir Castle be placed on Glastonbury Torr, and they will have a grand view of the Vale of Taunton Deane; similar to what they have of their own Vale, (with Bingham, &c.) from the said Castle in its present situation. From Nottingham to Newark, runs the river Trent; from Bristol may be said to run the Bristol Channel to Hartland point, (or if you please Milford Haven). Wales appearing on the north side, as Southwell may appear on the north of the river Trent. This fine stream has its source in Staffordshire, and takes its course very near Nottingham Castle. In the adjoining park, a friend of mine, C. Stavely Esq. has recently built a house, and lately informed me that from his parlour window he has a fine view of Belvoir Castle; consequently the Vale of Belvoir, is nearly thirty miles from east to west, and in some places about ten miles wide: perhaps the Vale of Taunton Deane, may be about the same number of acres, and though there is a great deal of good land in the Belvoir Vale, yet it is greatly surpassed by the Vale of Taunton. Taking this on the whole it is one of the richest, and most productive spots of land in the whole kingdom. In order to carry on the illusion or rather the supposition a little further—imagine at the western extremity a market town called Bideford, on the north side of a long

bridge, and a fine navigable wide stream of water, that cannot fail of interesting any Nottingham man, with the similiarity of its appearance: I mean, chiefly from its standing on the side of a hill, near the foot of which is the river. The town is not one quarter so large as Nottingham; but it appears as if raised up on one side, in order to be seen to advantage. The houses in Nottingham have been described as one standing on another: so with Bideford, and the chimney tops scarcely make their appearance in the gardens of the houses above them: so much for Bideford, which it is said derived its name from being situated near, or By-the-ford, before the bridge was built. A story is told in the quarto history of this town, that many attempts had been made to erect this bridge, it being so much wanted on account of the frequent accidents that occurred, in crossing the ford at high-water: (for the tide ebbs and flows very strongly); but though money was subscribed and briefs read in all the churches in the county, yet the supplies fell far short—the different plans all failed: what could be the cause? the parish priest, though a Rev. Divine (and partly a conjuror) could not *divine* the cause; therefore he set his wits to work, and dreamt about it! Some persons (especially those who have received *orders*) can do more when they dream, than when they are wide awake! He resolved to dream for the good of his parishioners! So he contrived to dine and sup on holy food! A tythe lamb, a tythe goose, a tythe pig, and a tythe pasty! with an innocent *dessert* of tythe fruit and tythe cream! These holy things produced holy effects:---he dreamt, and in his dreams he was told that the bridge was begun in a wrong

place! Oh dear! how unfortunate! But where to find the right place? He dreamt again, and was told that if he went down to the shore at sunrise, he would find a large stone rolled there by a female of angelic form, clad all in white! (not in a surplice, but in a garment of finer texture) That this angelic creature would there roll a stone, and if they began to build the bridge at the place where the stone was placed, the subscription would prosper, and the undertaking soon be accomplished.

This story the parson made public. It was stated in briefs, & read in all churches & chapels, from Penzance in Cornwall, to Berwick upon Tweed! Money flowed in from all quarters; the bridge arose, and the water has flowed under it ever since.

So let young women who are laughed at for believing in dreams; and both young and old, look at Bideford Town, and praise both the priest and the bridge which has ever since carried us safely over.

"SHREDS AND PATCHES."

The generality of men's lives are made up after this manner, composed of "Shreds and Patches:" and that my own life has been so made up, these Memoirs will show. But as this Life of mine is now drawing towards a conclusion, I wish (being *feather-headed*) to make a kind of *swan-like* end "fading in music!" If we look back to *First Impressions*, I must mention---the

music that first caught my attention, was church-music. Methinks I still hear the well-known sounds, and the following words of two well-known anthems---"The Lord is my Shepherd:" and "Yea, though I walk in the Valley of the Shadow of Death." But stay,---I must not be too serious, nor must I stay long in *one place*. I will skip, or rather *fly* to *Salisbury*, to speak of Charles Incledon. Every one knows what a delightful voice he had; 'twas thought divine! and his manner of singing church music, was greatly superior to any thing he ever performed on the stage. He was originally at Exeter; instructed by the celebrated Jackson. A mutual friend of ours, (a Mr. Dodsworth) who lived at Salisbury, once took us into the Cathedral there. Incledon placed himself on a high seat at the eastern extremity of the church, near the altar; Dodsworth and myself were at the western end: no other persons were present: It was just after morning service, the weather was clear and bright; every thing as silent as could be wished: and though yet scarce noon,—at certain parts of the Cathedral, the windows (as Pope has it) cast but "*A dim religious light!*" While we were thus at different ends of the church, (in all other respects empty---for this makes a great difference in any building, as far as regards *sound*) Mr. Incledon sung that beautiful strain of the anthem "It is the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

These tones---these sounds almost raised Dodsworth and myself from the earth. He was a good singer, had a competent knowledge of music himself, and a

good voice,---but Incledon! I never again expect to hear such sounds as long as I *live*, but how it may be *after*, God only knows! perhaps such a *voice* as *Incledon's* has not been heard once in a century: many have surpassed him in science, (I have been told that Mr. Braham, Mr. Kelly, and others now on the stage, far excel him). But Charles Incledon was not so deficient as some have reported him: when I speak of music, I only relate what I've heard others say (I know little about it myself;) but Mr. Shield once told me that Incledon was not so deficient as the public at times were taught to believe; I once heard him speak to this effect---"When first "Old Towler" was put into my hands, to be set to music, I feared Charles would not like it, but only consider it a common *hunting song*;—I therefore took little trouble about it; merely sketched the tune, bad him put it in his pocket, and give me his opinion in the course of a few days. The next time we met, he astonished me! He had learnt himself the air, perfectly correct; and had thrown in such tones and graces---with the "Hark! forward! and Tantivy!" that he had given a value to what I had before deemed worthless; and I think more money was cleared by that song, than by any other song I ever composed:" I believe, at this time, they were on very friendly terms, and so continued. I know that with Incledon it was always Billy, Jackey, or Joey, with all he liked, or wished to be friendly with; if not, he would abuse them; but his abuse was short lived: it was soon Jackey and Joey again. But Mr. Shield

was always in favor: it was, on all occasions, "Billy Shield!" It was in general, Tommy Harris, and Billy Lewis! but if they in the least offended him, Mr. Harris and Mr. Lewis! He used to serve all managers the same: when at Birmingham, he came down there to play one night, to oblige the manager, (Macready:) he had with him, Mr. Fawcett, and some one else; (I forget the name;) the piece was "The Castle of Andalusia:" I played Don Scipio) to serve the cause, and oblige all parties; for I never could sing sufficiently well for the part; which is a very good one, when done justice to: but I went on for it, at two hours notice, and without rehearsal: for the three London Performers did not arrive till nearly time of beginning. The circumstance is noticed in order to give a specimen of Incledon's manner: suppose us both near each other on the stage, and he is singing. (Where I put the mark *(aside)* and during every short symphony, imagine him talking to me---the fiddlers, or the manager) "Curse that bassoon! grunt! grunt! grunt! and that clarionet too! Oh! nobody can hear what I sing! (aside) The devil take all *wind instruments,* I hate to see'em in the orchestra. Stage-keeper! (aside) lug those fellows out! Where's the manager? (aside) My dear Lee, tell Macready that if he does not stop that *bass* man, I cannot sing another note! Curse his grunting! There! (aside) did you ever hear the like? spoiled that beautiful cantabile! the best thing in the opera! Oh, it's of no use, my coming here, all the way from London,

by a coach !—risking my limbs, my life, and what's more---my voice! Zounds !,-- and for what? to hear that fellow grunt with his d—— bassoon!" At the conclusion of his *half-aside* speeches, and at the end of each song, a loud *encore* followed,---Charley was restored to good humour,---and as we turned up the stage or went off, he would say with apparent rapture, "Ah, I thought I should tickle them at last!"

In short Charles was a good humoured, good natured fellow! had no fault, except perhaps, a little too much vanity: but how very excusable this was with a man who possessed, perhaps the best voice in the world. But now—engaged with me for the third time,—he is coming down to Barnstaple: a few months before this, I had seen him in London, and told him that I had made some discoveries respecting Gay the poet! What *Jackey Gay!* the immortal Jackey! the author of the Beggars' Opera? Yes, I replied, and his uncle was alive when I first went to Barnstaple: I have often seen and spoken to him. Yes, the very uncle (the Rev. Mr. Baller, who was one of the mourners who attended when that worthy man and excellent poet was carried to his grave in Westminster Abbey.

I afterwards went on to state to Incledon, that I had lately discovered the house where Gay was born, and many other particulars, and that I was still in hopes of finding an Old Chair, that is believed to be the very chair in which Gay sat when he wrote many of his works, for it is so contrived, as to be convenient for all the purposes of ease, study, and writing.

Now all this passed, before I had ever seen the chair and had only by chance heard of it. But suppose Charles with me down at Barnstaple; the uncle (Mr. Baller) is dead; and the chair not yet found! I began to lose all hopes of it: however I showed the house where the poet was born, and told him some particulars on the subject. One night after the performance---or rather one morning, for we had supped with a friend, and on going homewards, Charles wanted to look again at the house where Gay was born. A youth of the town, observed that he had discovered the chair that had been the object of my enquiry: Indeed (said I) the youth gave me a wink, and I perceived that he was only in jest. Incledon was a little elevated with wine, so I did not like to spoil any sport that might be intended: they set off to fetch the *old chair* and to meet us against the corner house of Joy-Street, the birth-place of the poet. But I thought it time to interfere; I drew Incledon aside, and told him this was partly a *hoax*; a similar endeavour had been made to pass the chair on me; but on minute enquiry I was firmly convinced that this was *not* the chair in question; yet as far as concerns the birth of the poet, this is the spot, this most undoubtedly is the very house. Well then, said Incledon we'll only suppose this the chair and imagine the rest. Let it be observed the weather was rather cold, but it was a fine October moon-light. Charley sat down in the *arm-chair*, and sung several songs from the Beggars' Opera: many of the neighbouring inhabitants began to pop their night-cap heads

out at different windows, asking what was the matter? Zounds! (said I) we shall be summoned to the town-hall to-morrow, for breaking the peace and disturbing the whole town. "Town (said Charles,---why if the mayor and all the aldermen, and the town-clerk too, would not jump from their beds, and come here without either wigs or night-caps---if they would not run half wild and half naked to witness this, they would not be deserving of such a poet as their townsman Gay, nor such a singer as Charles Incledon.

On saying this, he rose from his seat, popped his head into a small window that was left open—he sung about half-a-dozen notes and exclaimed "Good night my friend---immortal Gay! good night, friend Jackey!"

But hold---the Printer tells me that my second volume is getting nearly as long as the first, and that if I mean to be consistent, I ought to prepare for my latter end, in order that I may make my exit with a good grace. I have had this in view some time, and on looking back it will be seen that I have been preparing accordingly. Pondering over the very long catalogue of my offences, I am led to believe, that one of my most flagrant sins has been that of *Punning*. And as confession has always been considered one of the surest ways of obtaining pardon, I make this public avowal, to show the sincerity of my repentance.

Doctor Johnson, gave many meanings, as I have already shown; and others (especially Mr. Colman) taught the knack of punning! I now speak seriously (though on the subject of making puns). I was at the

Brighton Theatre in the year 1789: Mr. Colman's piece of Inkle and Yarico was got up there, and I believe for the first time, though a young man, I at that period liked old characters better than young ones. I then played Old Medium: and in the second act where Inkle is plodding and talking of arithmetic! He then goes off, as if deeply engaged in making some calculation of profit. His uncle (old Medium) says, confound your arithmetic! and follows him. But I, (infected with the *punning* influenza) added these words "Deuce take the fellow, and his rules of arithmetic! If I can overtake him, I'll *cast* the *cube root* of my *stick* against the *decimal part* of his *head*, which by the *addition* of strength, will *ten* to *one*, cause a *vulgar fraction*!"

Now as many performers have sported this string of *puns* in Theatres all round the United Kingdom, I could not conscientiously remain silent, while Mr. Colman was liable to be blamed for offences by me committed. Another thing I must notice. I have occasionally joked about the learned Professions: none bear jokes so well as lawyers! Doctors, pretty well, and some clergymen, when in a good humour, will bear a little tickling! Shakspeare has made Queen Mab do this---

> "And some times comes she with a tythe Pigs' tail—
> "Tickling the Parson as he lies asleep,
> "And then dreams he of a good fat *Benefice!*"

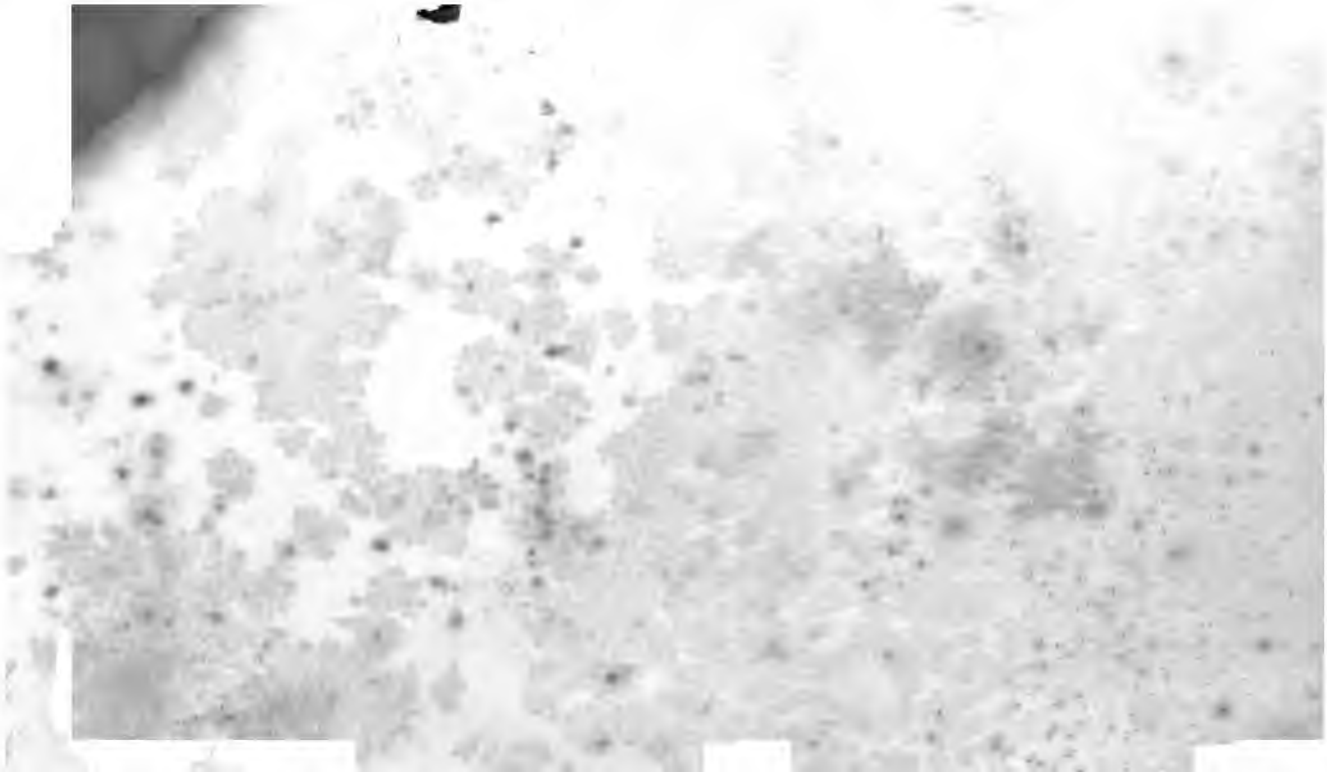
As to the Law,---I more than twenty years ago made a little free with lawyers, and have often heard of my verses being spoken on public occasions, and have

seen them in public prints; so, being now in a confessional humour, I take upon myself all the blame of having written the following verses, as well as having since published them in a poem called "*Echoism.*"

"All the good things our ancestors once saw
"Attach'd to Faith, are now engross'd by Law!
"Satan may yet alarm; John Doe appals!
"Hence Cloisters are exchanged for Courts and Halls!
"Tythe Pig! a trifle: Law,---insidious, sly,---
"By flaw, or error, claims both Pig and Sty!
"A Farmer's Goose!---long since the Vicar's due!
"Law siezes Goose and Farm, and Farmer too!"

These reflections originally struck me while at Tavistock. Our Theatre there, was a large old building formerly belonging to the Abbey; so that we sometimes saw Father Paul, Friar Lawrence, and Cardinal Wolsey, within their own holy boundaries, and quite in character, while I might be thought an absolute DIRECTOR, or a second VICAR of BRAY: and as stated in a former chapter, this happened at the time Mr. Cooke was engaged at Plymouth and at Dock, (now called Devonport).

At the period here spoken of, I remember seeing Miss Foote at her father's house; she was a very pleasing, and uncommonly interesting little girl, and gave symptoms of being what she now is, a charming woman and a most excellent actress.



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But hold—time advances---my fate approaches---I find I must commit a kind of sentimental *suicide*, and put an end to my *Life*,—I mean—my Memoirs! to depart in good humour, I will call on Sterne's Yorick to assist me! In the same way as Sterne called on Hamlet! By the bye---I never heard of any of Shakspeare's numerous critics and commentators having yet ascertained whether there ever was, at the Court of Denmark, such a person as Yorick, the King's Jester? or whether he was only the creature of Shakspeare's fancy? Let this matter be as it may, I hope my readers will now, with the spirit and good humour of Sterne---say to themselves—

"Alas! Poor Lee!

"May his playful puns be pardoned;
"His eccentric excesses be excused;
"And may his greatest errors
"Be either speedily forgot,
"Or most readily and generously forgiven."

FINIS.

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